

No 104

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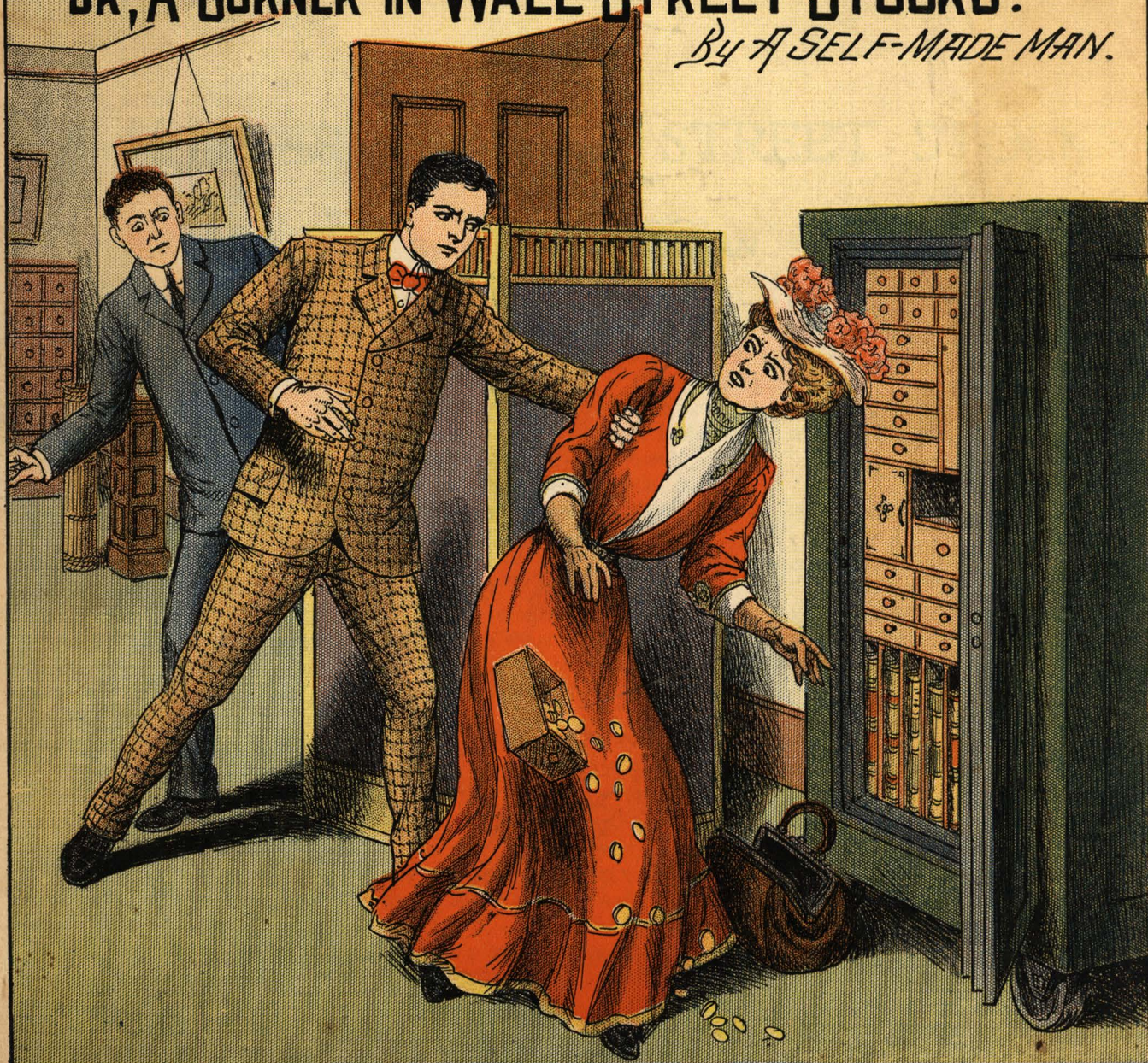
AND

FORTUNE WEEKLY

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

MART MORTON'S MONEY; OR, A CORNER IN WALL STREET STOCKS.

By A SELF-MADE MAN.



"Miss Trimble, what does this mean?" demanded Mart, sternly, suddenly appearing from behind the screen, with Will following closely at his heels. The young woman uttered a smothered shriek of consternation, and dropped the cash box on the floor.

Fame and Fortune Weekly

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1907, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., by Frank Tousey, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

No. 104.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 27, 1907.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

MART MORTON'S MONEY

OR,

A CORNER IN WALL STREET STOCKS

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCES MART MORTON AND OTHERS.

"Money!" exclaimed Mart Morton. "I haven't any, but I mean to have a bunch of it some day and don't you forget it," he added, nodding his curly head emphatically.

When Mart nodded his head that way he always meant business, and the only reason why he had not already accumulated a little fund of the long green was because he had never yet found the chance to make the stake.

"You haven't any money?" said Will Bradley, almost incredulously. "Why, I thought you had a bank account."

"I wish I had. There are times when I've seen chances to make a nice little haul that would have landed me on Easy Street if I'd only had the necessary backing. That little word 'if' is a mighty aggravating stumbling block. So many things would happen in this world only for that 'if.' It ought to be stricken from the English language."

"Well, if you haven't any money, you haven't, of course. But you wear a mighty prosperous look for a Wall Street pauper."

"I didn't say that I was a pauper. I've always a dollar or two in my clothes. To be a pauper one must be flat broke."

"A dollar or two doesn't cut much ice down here. It is plain that you and I can't go into partnership."

"In what?"

"In a little deal I've got on the books."

"You're thinking of speculating in the market?"

"That's what."

"What are you going to buy?"

"C. & U."

"Why C. & U.?"

"Because it's going up."

"How can you tell that it is?"

"A little bird brought me a tip. He told me to keep it quiet."

"The bird did?"

"Yes. It was Broker Ellis Bird, of the Johnstone Building."

"Oh, I see," grinned Mart Morton. "He is a bird for fair."

"He's all right. I did him a favor some time ago, and he made it up to me by handing me out this tip."

"And you wanted me to go in with you on it?"

"That's correct. You're a good friend of mine; why shouldn't I try to put you in the way of a good thing?"

"There's no reason that I know of why you shouldn't. I'd do the same by you."

"Of course you would. Well, I've got fifty plunks saved up. If you had fifty, as I supposed you had, we could get twenty shares of C. & U. between us. When it went up ten or fifteen points we'd close out and divide profits. Now I'll have to go it alone. I can buy five shares through the Nassau Street Bank, and I expect to more than double my money."

"What is C. & U. going at to-day?"

"It closed yesterday at 50."

"And you've good reason to believe that it will go to 65 or thereabouts?"

Will Bradley nodded, as though there wasn't the least doubt of the fact in his mind.

"I never heard of a leopard changing his spots before," said Mart.

"What do you mean?"

"Merely a picturesque expression of mine which has reference to Broker Bird. You say he gave you the tip on C. & U.? Judging from his reputation, this is a remarkable exhibition of liberality on his part. I never heard that he gave anything away in his life, not even himself."

"You mustn't believe all you hear about people," said Will.

"I don't as a rule, but when the consensus of public opinion——"

"The what?" gasped Will.

"I see you don't grasp my meaning," grinned Mart. "Let me put it this way: The accepted opinion in Wall Street is that Broker Bird never has been known to give something for nothing. The collectors for charity funds are so well acquainted with the fact that they always give his office a wide berth on their rounds. It is also said that he will accept a favor, but as for making any suitable return for the same he is not in it. So if Ellis Bird handed you out a real good thing in acknowledgment for something you did for him, he must have been suffering at the time from a temporary aberration of the——"

"Oh, come off, Mart. Talk United States."

"Well, then, he must have had wheels in his head."

"I don't care what he had in his head; he gave me the tip just the same."

"What evidence have you that the tip is any good?"

"I've only got his word, but that ought to be good enough."

"It ought to be, but is it?"

"What object could Mr. Bird have in misleading me? I'm only a messenger."

"Ask me something easy, Will. If you think the tip is O. K., go ahead and bank on it. Don't let me head you off."

The boys were walking down Wall Street toward their respective offices at the time of the above conversation.

It was a bright spring morning and the hour was about nine.

They were both messenger boys who had been working in the financial district for a matter of three years.

Mart Morton was employed by Alfred Belford, stock broker, whose office was at No. — Wall Street, while Will Bradley ran messages for Broker Dingwall, a few doors below.

Both were bright, active boys who knew their business and attended to it right up to the letter.

Mart, however, was ambitious of becoming a broker some day, and with that object before his eyes, had made a close study of Stock Exchange methods as well as his facilities enabled him to do.

He kept abreast of Wall Street affairs by reading all the news printed about financial and speculative matters, and there were few persons outside of the regular traders who had a better idea how the "cat was liable to jump" at any time than Mart.

Will Bradley, on the contrary, found market quotations and ticker topics rather dry literature, and devoted his attention to more interesting reading when he read at all.

Neither had done any speculating on their own hook as yet, for lack of money.

Mart had to help support a widowed sister with whom he lived up in Harlem, while Will was required to turn the greater part of his weekly stipend into the family treasury.

In one way or another, Will had managed to save \$50, and was now looking for a good chance to double it.

Mart hadn't saved anything to speak of, though he had made several attempts to do so, but some extra expense always seemed to spring up after he had got \$15 or \$20 soaked away, and the fund had melted away like dew under the morning sun.

Will had been thinking of little else during the past twenty-four hours than the tip Broker Bird had given him the previous morning.

Under the impression that Mart had \$50 or \$100, he had generously decided to let him in on it.

Mart, however, hadn't enough of the ready to take advantage of his friend's offer even if he was disposed to take a shy at the market.

That's the way matters stood when the boys met at the Wall Street underground station that morning on their way to business.

When Mart learned that Broker Ellis Bird was the authority for his friend's tip, he had some doubts as to its value, for Mr. Bird's reputation in the Street was none of the sweetest, and he was generally known by the nick-name of "Foxy" Bird.

As he did not have any definite reason for advising his friend against using it, he simply remained neutral in the matter.

The two boys having reached the entrance of the office building where Mart was employed, they parted company just as Miss Dixon, Mr. Belford's stenographer, came along.

"Good morning, Miss Dixon," said Mart, politely.

"Good morning, Mart," responded the young lady with a smile.

"Shall I see you as far as the elevator, and afterward to the office?" said the boy, with a chuckle.

"You certainly may," laughed the girl.

A dozen steps took them to the elevator, which let them out on the second floor, and a dozen more carried them to the door of Broker Belford's reception-room.

"Thank you for the pleasure of your company, Miss Dixon, even so short a distance," said Mart, bowing the stenographer toward the gate leading into the counting-room. "Small favors are always received and duly appreciated by yours truly."

"Aren't you polite this morning?" she answered roguishly.

"I hope that is a regular failing of mine and not an exceptional demonstration, Miss Dixon. In my opinion there is nothing too good for the girls, especially such a charming sample as yourself."

"Dear me, what a jollier you are, Mart Morton."

"Jollier, Miss Dixon? I believe there's no such word in the dictionary."

"Not in the standard, perhaps; but I think it must be in your private lexicon."

"No," replied Mart, shaking his head solemnly. "You

are wrong. I never say what I don't mean. I think you are the nicest girl in the Street, and so I exercise the privilege of saying so, not only behind your back, but to your face."

Gertie Dixon accepted the compliment with a pleased look.

She was especially gratified to have it come from Mart because she liked the stalwart, good-looking boy a whole lot.

They were the best of friends, which circumstance did not specially please Austin Rookwood, the chief clerk and cashier.

He was "mashed" on Miss Dixon himself, and though she gave him no encouragement, he had hopes in her direction.

He was jealous of Mart in the first place on account of his standing with the pretty girl, and in the second place because the lad enjoyed the confidence of Mr. Belford.

Mart on his part was not particularly attracted to the well-dressed bookkeeper, and so there was always a coolness between them even on a very hot day.

Gertie Dixon, after another bewitching smile at Mart, continued on to her post in the counting-room, not noticing the bookkeeper at his tall desk as he was getting ready for the work of the day, while Morton hung up his hat on its accustomed hook, took his seat on the window, and picked up the morning issue of the Wall Street News to employ his time until his services were wanted.

CHAPTER II.

MART MORTON'S LUCK.

Half an hour later Mr. Belford rang for Mart.

"Here are two notes for you to deliver," he said, as soon as the boy appeared. "On your way out tell Miss Dixon I want her."

"Yes, sir," replied Mart.

After notifying Gertie that the boss wanted her in his private office, he started for the street.

The second note took him down to the Mills Building.

As he got into the elevator, Mr. Ellis Bird and another man got in right after him.

Mr. Bird was chuckling gleefully over something that amused him, and the gentleman was smiling also.

"I tell you, Meskel, we are the people," said "Foxy" Bird.

"I rather fancy we will be when we've pulled that deal off," said the other in a low tone. "I don't see how you managed to tip off so many without arousing suspicion."

Mart's ears were sharp and he caught the words.

"I handed it out to half the boys in the Street on the quiet. Some of them I knew would talk and give it away. At any rate, fifty brokers are on to it by this time and there will be buying to burn this morning. I know half a dozen who loaded up yesterday afternoon. We'll scoop 'em all in a few days, for the price will go right down among the dead men. Then we'll cover at a large profit. Ah, it's beautiful—beautiful. It takes me to fool the boys," said Mr. Bird, rubbing his hands in great delight. "They call me 'Foxy' Bird. They think that's funny. What do I care as long as I get the dough while they

only get the amusement. I'll wager I'll make 'em laugh the other way before the week is out."

The elevator stopped to let Mart out, and Mr. Bird and his companion got out likewise.

They walked briskly down the corridor ahead of the young messenger, and disappeared around a corner.

"Mr. Bird is evidently up to one of his slick little games that earned for him his nickname," thought Mart as he walked after the two men. "So he's been giving tips out to messenger boys right and left about something that is supposed to happen, but won't. I think I can see through a mill-stone when there's a big hole in it. He tipped Will off to a rise in C. & U. Now Mr. Bird says that the price of some stock in which he is interested will soon go down among the dead men, and he'll scoop in a lot of brokers. That stock must be C. & U. As fast as the traders offer to buy he, or somebody representing him, is ready to sell the stock to them. Then in a few days something will happen that'll put it on the slump. As soon as it touches rock bottom, Mr. Bird will buy enough of the shares in to cover his short sales, and he will be able to deliver the stock at a big profit. It will be a fine thing for Mr. Bird if it works out the way he calculates, and I shouldn't be surprised if it did. I must warn Will against burning his fingers in any deal that involves a rise in C. & U. He'd do much better to sell ten shares, and take his chance that way."

Mart delivered his note to a broker on that floor, and there being no answer, he came right away.

As he stood waiting for an elevator one of the cages flashed down.

Instead of taking him aboard, it went on to the floor below and stopped there.

"Maybe I can catch it," thought Mart, and he ran down the marble stairway, two steps at a time.

The elevator, however, did not wait for him.

As Mart's shoe struck the last step it alighted on something soft which slid from under his weight, and down went the young messenger in a heap, jarring himself considerably.

"Great Jawbones!" he exclaimed, as he pulled himself together. "I wonder what I stepped on?"

He looked around and saw a long, bulky pocketbook of black leather.

He picked it up and looked at it.

"So this is the cause of my nearly getting a broken neck. If this was the first of April I'd think some messenger boy put it there to fool the first person who came by. I'll look and see what's in it. No, I guess I'll defer that till I get back to the office. I'll make a mental note of where I found it for future reference."

There were so many persons coming and going all the time that Mart thought it might not look well for him to be seen examining the inside of a pocketbook.

So he dropped it into his outside pocket, caught the next down elevator and was soon on the street walking rapidly toward his office.

When he got back to his seat in the reception-room the first thing he did was to get out the black pocketbook and look into it.

It was full of papers of all kinds, and in one of the flaps was a \$500 bill.

There was also a lady's five-stone diamond ring, one of the stones of which appeared to be loose.

There was no name, or even initials, on the flap to give a clue to the owner.

"His name is probably on some of these papers," said Mart to himself. "I'll look them over. That ring must be worth a thousand dollars, then there's the \$500 bill. That makes \$1,500. It's my duty to try and find out to whom the wallet belongs and then return it. That's only common honesty."

The first paper was a short note in pencil addressed to J. D. and signed A. W.

Mart read the writing, which ran as follows:

"I can put you on to a good thing which I would advise you to avail yourself of before the week is out. Buy M. & B. It's going now at 48, which is low, as the market runs, for the stock. Get 5,000 shares on margin. I can guarantee that it is perfectly safe. You should clear from \$50,000 to \$75,000 in a fortnight.

"Yours, A. W."

"This seems to be a tip, all right," said Mart to himself. "What a chance for me if I only had the money. It raises quite a temptation for me to make use of that \$500 bill. No, I couldn't do that. It wouldn't be right. I've never appropriated anything that didn't belong to me yet, and I don't mean to begin now. When you commit the first crooked act it's sure to lead to a second, and before you know where you are, you've acquired the habit of doing such things whenever the opportunity offers. It's just like taking a first drink. How often that has been the stepping stone to a drunkard's grave!"

Mart however made a note of the pointer.

"I'll watch M. & B. and see how it comes out. It will amuse me if nothing else. It's too bad, though, that I haven't a hundred dollar bill to try my luck with. Cassie needs some new clothes, and so do the young ones. I'd like to be able to surprise them with the cash to buy them."

Mart looked the papers over one by one and finally came to an envelope addressed to "John Douglas, 150 Broadway."

"That must be the owner of this pocketbook, for the pointer is addressed to the initials J. D. At any rate it's safe to conclude that he is the owner. I'll go over to his office at the first chance that offers."

Just then Austin Rookwood called him to his desk and in a supercilious way handed him a note to carry to Mr. Belford at the Exchange.

"Don't waste any time, please," he said, almost insultingly.

As Mart never wasted time on his errands, the boy easily understood that the chief bookkeeper spoke that way to vent his dislike.

Mart made no reply, though he gave Rookwood a look that expressed his sentiments.

He put on his hat and hurried to the Exchange.

On his way back he met Will Bradley.

"Say, Will, that tip you got from 'Foxy' Bird is no good. It's a boomerang meant to work the other way. If you do anything, sell ten shares, and you will stand a show of making something."

"How do you happen to know all this?" asked the surprised Bradley.

"Never mind that. I haven't time to explain now. I'll tell you after business hours if I meet you. But you can rest assured I'm giving it to you straight. Don't buy C. & U. under any consideration."

With these words he broke away, satisfied now that he had warned his friend against the trap set by Mr. Bird for the traders.

The fact that a score of messenger boys might be induced to drop their hard-earned shekels through his instigation didn't worry Broker Bird in the least.

It was part of the game.

Mart found no chance to get around to No. 150 Broadway until after he was through for the day.

Then he went there and looked on the directory board for Mr. Douglas's name.

He found that the gentleman had an office on the tenth floor, so he boarded an elevator and went up.

The number of the office was 605.

Mart found it without great difficulty and then he saw that John Douglas was a lawyer, and that he took care of estates and loaned money.

The door was not locked, so he walked in and found a small red-headed boy seated at a plain desk in the outer room.

The boy was reading a law book.

He looked up when Mart entered and then resumed his reading again as if there was no such thing as a visitor in the room.

"Is Mr. John Douglas in?" asked Morton.

The boy paid no attention to his question, so Mart went nearer to him and repeated it.

Then the boy looked him over in an indifferent sort of way and finally said:

"What do you want with him?"

"That's my business," replied Mart, nettled by the boy's manner.

"All right," answered the boy, resuming his reading.

"Are you going to answer my question?" demanded the young messenger, feeling that it would give him a good deal of satisfaction to kick the red-headed youth.

His tone caused the boy to change his tactics.

"Yes, Mr. Douglas is in, but he's engaged," he replied, ungraciously.

"Why couldn't you have said so at first?"

The boy made no reply, but eyed Mart in an unfriendly way.

"How long before he'll be disengaged?"

"Dunno."

At that moment an inner door was opened and two gentlemen came out.

One of them had his hat on and Mart judged he was the visitor, provided the hatless gentleman was Mr. Douglas.

The gentleman without head covering showed the other to the outer door and after a few words bade him good-bye.

"I would like to see Mr. John Douglas," said Mart to the gentleman who remained in the office.

"That's my name," was the reply.

"Can I see you in your private office?"

"Certainly. Who are you from?"

"I am a messenger for Alfred Belford, stock broker, No. — Wall Street. That, however, has nothing to do with my visit."

"Follow me," said Mr. Douglas, leading the way into his private room, which was furnished with a handsome desk, several leather upholstered chairs, some water-color pictures on the walls, and a long bookcase filled with law books.

The lawyer took possession of his revolving chair in front of his desk, and pointed at a chair which had just been vacated by his late caller.

"I will hear what you have to say, young man," he said in a pleasant tone.

"Did you lose anything to-day, Mr. Douglas?" asked Mart.

"I did," replied the lawyer promptly and with a sudden show of interest. "I lost my pocketbook. Did you find it?"

"I found a pocketbook which I have reason to believe is yours. Where did you lose yours?"

"I couldn't say exactly. I may have lost it between here and Broad Street, or I may have dropped it in the Mills Building."

"What was its appearance, and what did it contain in a general way?"

"It was an oblong black leather book. It contained a \$500 bill, a lot of papers and a valuable diamond ring belonging to my wife."

"The pocketbook I found is clearly yours, sir. Here it is. Examine it and see that nothing is missing."

Mart laid the wallet on the lawyer's desk.

The lawyer opened the wallet, looked its contents rapidly over and then took out the bill.

"Tell me where you found it, young man."

"I found it in the Mills Building at the foot of the stairs leading to the sixth floor on the left-hand side of the elevators."

Mr. Douglas nodded, as if he was not surprised.

"And I got a nasty fall through it," added Mart, with a smile.

"How was that?"

Morton explained the circumstances.

"Well, well," smiled the lawyer; "I think you are entitled to something handsome, not only for your honesty in returning the book intact, but as a salve for the fall you got. So I will present you with the \$500 bill."

Mart looked his surprise.

"I did not expect——" he began.

"Put it in your pocket, young man. By the way, what is your name?"

"Martin Morton."

"Thank you. It is a pleasure to meet with so honest a young man as you have shown yourself to be. That diamond ring, which I brought downtown this morning to have repaired at a jeweler's, is worth \$2,600. So you see that the contents of that pocketbook offered a considerable temptation to the finder. It affords me great satisfaction to give you the bill. In fact, I may say that I offered \$500 reward in an advertisement I sent to the papers, and would not have hesitated to have made it \$1,000 in order to get my property back. I consider my-

self under an obligation to you for your promptness in returning it without waiting to see what reward would be offered for it. If I can be of any service to you in the future, don't fail to call on me, and I shall not refuse you any reasonable favor."

"Thank you, sir," replied Mart, rising; "and thank you for your liberal present, also."

"You are welcome," answered Mr. Douglas.

Mart with a bow then left the office.

CHAPTER III.

MART'S FIRST DEAL AND HOW IT TURNED OUT.

"Five hundred dollars!" breathed Mart, as he shot downward in the elevator. "Gee! I'm rich! Looks to me as if honesty paid pretty well in hard cash as well as a clear conscience. I've got a stake at last, and I suppose it will be fair enough for me to take advantage of A. W.'s tip to Mr. Douglas. If the stock is still ruling around 48, I'll be able to buy 100 shares. The writer of the note calculates that the stock will advance ten or fifteen points within a fortnight. At that rate I stand to win \$1,000 easily enough. Why, I'll soon be rolling in wealth," he chuckled gleefully. "Well, that's what we're all looking for in this world. Money makes the mare go. At any rate, it's the motor that makes the Stock Exchange hum. Mr. 'Foxy' Bird must have quite a stack of the long green. He's making it all the time and he never gives any of it away. He's a hummer, all right. He ought to be called 'Humming' Bird."

Mart stepped out of the elevator and was presently walking up Broadway.

"The world looks a whole lot different to a chap when he's got plenty of money in his pocket," he said to himself. "I never owned \$50 before in my life, and now I am the possessor of \$500. It's the unexpected that's always happening. If anybody had told me this morning that I'd go home with a \$500 bill in my clothes, which belonged to me, I'd have told them they were talking ragtime. Yet such a remarkable thing has actually come to pass. I calculate that bill is the turning point in my financial career. I mean to found my fortune on it. Maybe one of these days I'll become so rich that the newspapers will print a story about Mart Morton's Money, and how he made it. Such matters are always topics of general interest."

Mart having reached the entrance to the John Street subway station, descended the stairs and took a train for home.

"Say, Cassie," he said to his sister at the supper table, "how would you like to have a new dress?"

"I'm making myself one now as fast as I can find time to work on it," she replied.

"Oh, I mean a real good one. Something that would cost you \$20 to \$30 in a department store."

"I should like to have such a dress very much indeed, but I'm afraid there's very little chance of my getting such a one. Twenty dollars is a small fortune to me."

"Well, suppose I present you with such a dress? When is your birthday?"

"You present me with a \$20 dress! Don't talk nonsense."

"I'm not talking nonsense. You didn't know that I was a capitalist on a small scale, did you?"

"I guess it's on a very small scale," laughed his sister.

"How small do you think it is, for instance?"

"About two dollars."

"More than that."

"Well, three, then."

"You'll have to raise the ante a good bit before you come anywhere near the mark."

"Have you as much as five? Because if you have the children need new shoes and I'd like to borrow three dollars."

"Yes, I have as much as five, with two noughts added."

"I don't understand you."

"I thought you went to school once on a time, Cassie."

"Don't be silly. Of course I went to school. What has that to with what we are talking about?"

"Well, what did five and two noughts stand for when you went to school?"

"Five hundred, of course."

"Correct. Now you know how much I'm worth."

"Martin, will you please talk sense?"

"That's what I'm doing. Don't you believe I'm worth \$500?"

"Of course I don't believe any such ridiculous nonsense."

"I see you require an object lesson. Here is the object. Gaze on it and weep—for joy."

Mart pulled out his \$500 bill and showed it to her.

She snatched it away and looked at it.

"It's a counterfeit," she said.

"Is it? I'd like to own a few thousand counterfeits just like it. No, Cassie, that's the real thing. A genuine \$500 bill."

"My gracious! Where did you get it? You didn't find it in the street, did you?"

"No, but it was just the same as finding money, the way I got that bill."

"It can't belong to you," she said, returning it to him.

"It doesn't belong to anybody else. Listen and I'll tell you how it came to me."

Then he told her how he had found the pocketbook in the Mills Building, with that bill and a \$2,600 diamond ring in it; how he had returned the property to its owner, and how his honesty had been rewarded by the bill itself.

His sister was astonished and delighted.

"The children can have some new things now," she said. "And I need a few things myself. You're going to let me spend some of it and keep the rest in the savings bank, aren't you?"

"No, Cassie; I'm going to use it to make more money with. That's what I call my grub stake."

"But you can spare me a few dollars. I really must have them."

"Sure. I can do that. And there'll be more coming your way later on."

"How do you expect to make money with it?"

"I'm afraid you wouldn't understand if I told you. I'm going to use it in Wall Street."

"You're not going to speculate?" she asked apprehensively.

"Don't you worry about what I'm going to do with it.

Let me do that. Take all that's handed to you and say nothing. I'll bring you home a few dollars to-morrow afternoon, so that you can get the shoes and other things. Now I'm going over to the library to get a book."

He rose from his chair, put on his hat and left the house.

Next morning, while riding downtown, he went over the daily market report, as was his custom, and saw that there had been about 20,000 shares of M. & B. sold the day preceding, and that the average price of the stock still remained at 48.

"The chance is mine yet to get in on the ground-floor with the people behind the deal, and I'm going to do it as soon as I can," he said to himself.

When he was sent over to the Exchange that morning at eleven he took enough time to run around to the little bank on Nassau Street and put in his order to buy 100 shares M. & B. on the usual margin.

It cost him \$480.

With \$20 left out of his big bill in his clothes, which he intended to turn over to his sister, he left the bank and returned to the office.

He met Will Bradley for a moment at the door of the office building.

"Say, you told me that C. & U. was going down, and here it's up a whole point since yesterday," Will said in an aggrieved tone. "I took your advice and sold ten shares when I had already made up my mind to buy the stock on the strength of Mr. Bird's tip. I'm ten dollars out so far, and I stand to lose the whole fifty I put up on margin if the stock goes up three points more."

"Go saw wood and say nothing," replied Mart. "If you lose your money I'll see that you get it back again."

"How will you?"

"Don't ask questions. It is quite possible that you may be wiped out before the slump comes, but still I think you won't be. Mark my words, old man, C. & U. will be giving a good imitation of 'Humpty Dumpty who sat on a wall' in a few days."

With those words he rushed for an elevator, and was soon in his office awaiting further orders.

He didn't have to wait long, for there was plenty for him to do, and before long he was chasing around on Broad Street with a message to some broker.

In fact, he was kept dancing around the streets, between his own office and others, the greater part of the time until half-past three.

He found no chance to look at the ticker to see if anything was doing in M. & B. until it was nearly time for him to knock off; then he found that the stock had gone up half a point, which was a matter of congratulation.

He also saw that C. & U. had gone up nearly another point.

"I'll bet Will is shaking in his shoes, and is mad enough to kick me, but he'll soon see that I was right about the slump, unless a screw works loose in 'Foxy' Bird's plans."

Next day after C. & U. had gone up nearly a point more it turned about and fell back to 50, much to Will's satisfaction, who had about given his \$50 up as good as lost.

M. & B. went to 49½.

Mart regarded the figures on the tape with a great deal of pleasure.

"I'm a hundred dollars ahead so far," he said. "If it will only go to 60 I'll be right in it to the tune of over \$1,000. That will give me a capital of \$1,500, and put Cassie and the children on Easy Street."

Then he put on his hat and left the office.

Will was waiting for him at the entrance downstairs, with the smile that won't come off on his features.

"You're right about C. & U., Mart," he said. "After going up nearly three points and putting me on the verge of an attack of heart failure, it's gone back to 50 again to-day, and I breathe once more."

"That's nothing more than I expected," coolly replied Morton.

"Well, tell me how you found out that my tip was a rank fake," said Will, eagerly.

Mart explained how he had met Ellis Bird and another man in the Mills Building elevator, and had overheard the few remarks that the broker had made to his companion about a certain stock he was manipulating, and which the young messenger had decided must be C. & U.

"I guess I've had a lucky escape," said Will.

"That's my opinion. I warned you as soon as I saw you."

"Thanks, old fellow. You did me a good turn and I shan't forget it. So 'Foxy' Bird is working a squeeze game on the traders?"

"Looks that way. And it isn't the first one of the kind he's been guilty of."

"I don't wonder the brokers call him 'Foxy.' There'll be weeping and gnashing of teeth in a good many offices when Mr. Bird's game comes out. It's a wonder the traders don't get together and try to get back at him."

"Perhaps they have and it hasn't worked."

"They ought to keep on trying until they succeed. I'll bet after this if 'Foxy' Bird is ever caught and driven to the wall the brokers will declare a holiday in honor of the event."

"I'm thinking they'll have to get up pretty early in the morning to catch Ellis Bird napping. He's on the watch for jobs every minute of the day, you may take your oath. If he wasn't he'd have been singed long ago. The broker that gets the bulge on him in a deal will be entitled to a gold medal."

Next day the two boys eagerly watched the course of their respective stocks.

C. & U. dropped to 47, while M. & B. went up to 50½.

Will, however, was not aware that Mart was interested in any stock, and Mart didn't enlighten him on the subject.

No one outside of Mr. Douglas, the lawyer, who lost the pocketbook, and Morton's sister, was aware of the incident which had put \$500 into Mart's pocket.

The young messenger believed in keeping his business to himself, which is a sensible plan to follow.

Three days later, when C. & U. was down to 42, and Ellis Bird was buying in to cover his short sales, at the expense of the people who had been fooled into paying over 50 for the stock, M. & B. took on a sudden boom and went to 57.

The retrograde movement of C. & U. was immediately forgotten in the excitement now surrounding the other stock.

Mart was naturally feeling like a bird, but he did not forget to keep his friend Bradley's deal in mind, and when he met Will asked him if he had closed out his speculation.

"Not yet," replied Will. "I'm waiting for the shares to go lower."

"If I were you I'd buy in those ten shares now and deliver them. You will make \$75 as things stand."

"But I want to make \$100."

"Be satisfied with \$75 or you may regret it."

"Have you heard anything about C. & U. since?" asked Will, anxiously.

"No."

"Then why do you advise me to close out my deal?"

"Because in my judgment you'd better do so. I know I should if I was in your shoes; but of course you can do as you please about it."

"I'll think about it," said Will. "I wish I was in on M. & B. It's gone up nearly ten points in about a week."

Mart nodded, but did not seem to be interested in the matter.

"The brokers were all crazy over it this afternoon," went on Bradley.

Mart knew that, but didn't say anything.

"I'll bet it will be higher to-morrow," continued Will.

Mart believed and hoped that it would, and mentally concluded that he'd sell out as soon as it reached 60 or thereabouts.

Will talked about M. & B. until they reached the underground station, and then branched off on some other topic.

At noon next day, M. & B. was going at 62.

It was two o'clock before Mart got a chance to go to the bank and order his shares sold.

By that time the price had gone to 65½, which was the figure he got.

On figuring up his profit he found he had made \$1,700, which was much more than he had expected to make out of the deal, and he was correspondingly delighted.

"I'm worth over \$2,000," he chuckled, as he left for home that afternoon. "Perhaps Cassie won't be pleased to death when I hand her a roll of bills in a day or so."

CHAPTER IV.

A DAYLIGHT ROBBERY.

It was fortunate for Will Bradley that, after due deliberation, he took Mart's advice, bought ten shares of C. & U. at about 42 and closed his deal at a profit of \$80, for in a day or two the stock began to rise again.

Mart had figured on this rise.

He believed it would go back to somewhere around 50; therefore, as soon as he got a settlement with the little bank, he immediately left an order to buy 500 shares of C. & U. at 42, and directed the bank to sell the stock if it went to 49, without waiting to hear from him.

This is what is called a stop order.

He also suggested to Will that he buy as many shares of the stock as he could put up the margin for and leave an order to sell at 49.

Will, who now had all the confidence in the world in Mart's judgment, did so.

He bought 30 shares.

Inside of three days the stock reached the indicated figure, and the boys' holdings were disposed of by the bank's representative on the floor and a statement was duly forwarded to Mart and Will.

Mart made a profit of \$3,350 by his shrewdness and Will made \$200.

Bradley wanted to present his friend with \$50 in acknowledgment of the obligation he felt to him in helping raise his capital of \$50 to \$325, but Morton laughingly refused to accept the money, since he himself was now worth \$5,500.

"Well, Cassie," said Mart that evening, "you haven't asked me lately whether I had doubled that \$480 or lost it. Aren't you interested?"

"Of course I'm interested, Mart," replied his sister; "but as you gave me \$30 the other day to buy some clothes, in addition to the \$20 three weeks ago, I had an idea that you were making money over and above your wages."

"Your idea was quite correct. I've been interested in two Wall Street deals since I received that \$500 bill, and both have been very successful. How much do you think I'm worth at this moment?"

"I couldn't guess, Mart."

"Five thousand, five hundred dollars."

"Mart Morton, you don't mean it?" she exclaimed, incredulously.

"I do mean it, Cassie, and I'll be able to prove it tomorrow when I get my check from the bank."

"Why, how could you have made so much money in so short a time?"

"Just the same way as some of the big brokers make a million in a few hours—by being on the right side of the market."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Use it to make more the same way. However, I'm going to let you have \$500 to put in the bank for yourself and the children, so that if I should run against a snag and lose my money, you'll have something to fall back on."

"You're a dear, good brother, Mart," said his sister, giving him a hug."

"Thanks," laughed Mart; "that's worth \$500 any day."

Next day word was received at the office by 'phone that Mr. Belford had been suddenly taken ill, and probably wouldn't be at the office for the rest of the week.

His absence made Austin Rookwood temporarily boss of the ranch, and he lost no time in showing his authority.

The first thing he did was to go into the private room and run over the morning's mail.

Then he rang for Mart.

The boy happened to be in the washroom at the moment and did not answer the summons immediately.

Rookwood came to the door and looked into the reception-room where Mart was supposed to be, and not finding him at his post, he entered the counting-room to look for him, expecting to find him talking to the stenographer, in which event he meant to give him a good calling down.

However, Mart was not talking to Miss Dixon, so Rookwood lost a chance he would liked to have had to say a few disagreeable things to the messenger.

What he wanted Mart for was to send him out to tell the stenographer he wanted her to take some dictation.

"Where is Morton?" growled Rookwood to the assistant bookkeeper.

"He went into the washroom a moment ago," was the reply.

"Humph!" muttered the cashier. "Miss Dixon," he said, turning to the stenographer, "will you bring your note-book into the office, please?"

"Certainly," she replied.

He turned and went back to the private room, where he was presently joined by Gertie.

"The new boss was looking for you, Mart," said the assistant bookkeeper, when Morton made his appearance.

"What did he want?"

"He didn't tell me what he wanted, but he looked mad. Better mind your P's and Q's or he'll fire you," grinned the young man.

"I think I see him trying to do it," laughed Mart, passing on.

If it had been Mr. Belford who had rung for him he would have entered the private room on his return and showed himself, but as it was only the cashier, he didn't bother doing so.

"If he wants me very bad he'll ring again," muttered Mart, as he took his seat, and began to consult the market reports.

After a little while Gertie came out with her note-book in her hand.

"How do you like our new boss?" Mart asked her.

She made a little face and walked on into the counting-room.

Buzz—buzz—buzz!

That was the young messenger's call.

He got up and walked into the inner office.

"I rang for you fifteen minutes ago, Morton. Why didn't you answer?" asked the cashier, sharply.

"Didn't hear you. I was in the washroom."

"Well, see that you hear me after this. Take this note to Mr. Black, of Saunders, Black & Co., Vanderpool Building, and step lively."

Mart took the envelope and walked out of the office.

"Rookwood seems to think he's the whole establishment now that Mr. Belford is away," he said to himself. "I shouldn't care to have him for a boss. I guess I wouldn't last, anyway."

He took the elevator down, crossed over to Broad and was soon walking up Exchange Place.

He delivered his message and as there was no answer he started back at once.

He noticed a dapper-looking young fellow standing in front of one of the offices.

Before he reached him a well-dressed lady came out of the office and turned up the street.

The dapper young fellow immediately fell in behind her.

In that order both passed Mart.

The circumstance did not attract his attention.

A moment later he heard a scream.

Turning quickly he saw the dapper man pull the lady's reticule out of her hand and fly around the corner into New Street.

The woman screamed again and collapsed on the sidewalk.

"What a nervy hold-up!" breathed Mart. "Well, he won't get away with that bag if I can help it."

The young messenger immediately started on a dead run after the thief, who was going toward Beaver Street.

CHAPTER V.

ON THE TRAIL OF A CROOK.

Mart could run some when he got going, and he began to overhaul the sprucely-attired crook.

The rascal saw him approaching and crossing the narrow street, darted into a building which had another entrance on Broadway.

He was evidently well acquainted with the plan of the buildings in that neighborhood.

As there always was a big throng on Broadway at that hour, the thief's object was to reach and lose himself in the multitude and thus baffle his young pursuer.

Having a good lead on Mart he succeeded in doing this, and when Morton reached Broadway he could not tell in which direction the thief had gone.

The crook calculated that the boy would give up the chase as soon as he found himself at fault.

But he didn't know the bull-dog tenacity of Mart Morton.

"He must have gone up the street," breathed Mart, as he stood undecided on the edge of the curb, glancing rapidly in both directions. "There are more people up the street than down, and he'd get out of sight easier that way. I'll take an up car, and see if I can pick him out in the crowd as I'm carried along."

A car came along at the moment and Mart boarded it, going inside and taking his seat so he could look out from a window.

He had a good idea of the man's appearance and was sure he'd know him again.

Mart kept a watchful eye on the crowd as the car bowled along in the direction of the post-office, but he failed to catch sight of the gentlemanly looking crook.

When the car reached Fulton Street, Mart concluded he had gone far enough.

"I'll walk back. Maybe I'll meet him."

He was crossing Maiden Lane when he saw the rascal coming toward him with the lady's bag in his hand.

"Perhaps I'd better not tackle him here, but follow him till I sight a policeman," figured the young messenger.

So he let the crook pass and fell in a few yards behind him.

There was an officer standing at the corner of Ann Street in front of the cigar store.

"Now I've got him dead," thought Mart.

But he counted his chickens too quick.

The crook had sighted the policeman as soon as he did, and having an aversion to the force on general principles, probably because his photograph was in the Rogues' Gallery up in Mulberry Street, he turned to cross to the other side of Broadway.

This move disconcerted the boy for a moment.

Then realizing that action was necessary at this stage of the game, he sprang forward, seized the rascal by the arm and yelled:

"Thief! Thief!"

The crook was startled and came to a stop.

But only for a moment.

Chaps of his calling are on the alert all the time for the unexpected, and are more or less prepared to cope with any situation, for their safety often depends on their ability to think and act quickly in an emergency.

The crook recognized his pursuer in a moment.

"So it's you, is it?" he hissed.

Jerking his arm out of Mart's grasp, he swung the bag around and floored the boy with a heavy blow.

Then he plunged across the way and dashed down Vesey Street.

Mart was on his feet in a moment and after him at full speed.

The policeman did not seem to comprehend the situation and made no effort to follow.

The rascal flew along beside the iron railing which encloses St. Paul's church-yard, with his pursuer a hundred yards behind.

"Stop thief!" shouted Mart lustily, for there were a good many people coming toward them.

Nobody however tried to cut off the thief, though many turned around and looked at the two runners.

The rascal turned down Church Street under the elevated structure, and the narrow thoroughfare being almost clear of pedestrians, he redoubled his speed.

Mart, however, followed hot on his trail.

Reaching Fulton Street, the crook ran around the corner into Greenwich Street, which was but a few steps away, owing to the pointed shape of the block at that place.

Running a few steps back toward Vesey, he sprang into the doorway of a building and hurried up the stairs.

When Mart reached the corner of Greenwich his quarry had disappeared.

After satisfying himself that his man was not on either side of the street, he knew he must have gone into one of the buildings.

The important question was which one had he gone into?

It was impossible for him to tell, and he bit his lips with chagrin.

At that moment he saw a small Italian bootblack squatting at the foot of one of the iron pillars supporting the elevated railway.

"Did you see a young man with a handbag running around this corner just now?" he asked the boy.

The lad nodded.

"Where did he go?"

"In at dat doorway," replied the boy, pointing.

"All right," said Mart. "If you'll find a cop I'll give you a nickel."

"What do you want him for?"

"To catch that man. He's a thief."

"Gimme the nickel," said the boy, getting up and swinging his apparatus over his shoulder.

"Here it is," said Mart. "Bring him here and send him up that stairway. I'm going up now, and may catch the fellow somewhere in the building."

The boy ran off toward the river while Mart started up the stairway.

On reaching the first landing he stopped and made a survey of the corridor, which was not very light.

There were a number of doors opening on to it, and all had signs of different kinds of businesses on them.

Mart opened each door one by one and looked inside, thinking that the thief might have sought refuge in one of the offices.

As there was no sign of him the boy went up to the third floor, the corridor of which was almost identical with the second floor, only gloomier.

An examination of all the offices revealed no trace of the rascal, so Mart went on up to the top floor.

The entire loft was occupied by a paper box factory, and the young messenger was at his wit's end.

"That kid must have sent me on a fool's errand," he thought, inwardly blessing the bootblack.

He opened the door of the box factory and looked in.

There was a girl sitting at a desk close by and she looked at him inquiringly.

"I suppose you didn't see a young man, carrying a handbag go up this way?" Mart asked, more as an excuse for intruding than because he expected any result from it.

"Do you mean the man who came up a few minutes ago to look at the roof?" she replied.

"Did he have a checked suit and a brown derby?" asked Mart, eagerly.

"Yes."

"Did I understand you to say that he went on the roof?"

"He did."

"How do you reach the roof?"

"There's a ladder at the other end of the room."

"I suppose you have no objection to my going up?"

"None whatever."

"If a policeman should make any inquiries about the man with the handbag, send him up on the roof."

"Very well," answered the girl.

Mart then passed through the workroom, where some thirty girls and several men and boys were at work. He located the ladder, mounted it, pushed open the trap and stepped out on the roof.

As he looked around he saw not ten feet away the man he was after.

The rascal was seated on the firewall between that building and the next, nonchalantly examining the contents of the handbag he had stolen.

He had a wad of bills in his hand as big as his fist almost.

His sharp eyes observed Mart's appearance on the scene, which seemed to be quite unexpected to him, and he sprang up with an imprecation, dropping the handbag, and thrusting the roll of bills into one of his pockets.

He took care to keep the firewall between himself and his pursuer.

"What are you followin' me for?" he gritted, with a venomous look at Mart.

"You ought to know," replied the young messenger coolly.

"Well, I don't know," replied the fellow, with a wicked laugh.

"You'll talk differently when I get hold of you," said Mart, resolutely, for though only a boy he was confident he could handle the crook, unless the fellow had a weapon, and he hadn't shown any so far.

"You haven't got hold of me yet," returned the rascal, defiantly.

"I'll have you in a few minutes."

"Don't be too sure of that."

"You can't get off these roofs."

"Sure of that, are you?" replied the crook, sarcastically.

"I don't mean that you shall. Before you could try to open one of the scuttles up here I'd be down on you like a thousand of brick."

"You tell it well, young feller. You don't know who you're dealin' with."

"I know you're a thief, and that's enough for me."

"It's a pity you're not a detective," sneeringly.

"Don't talk foolish. You're cornered, so you might as well give up."

"Well, why don't you come and take me?"

Mart, thinking that he'd better take the bull by the horns first as last, sprang forward, intending to vault the firewall and tackle the rascal.

The crook made no effort to get away, but raised his right hand quickly.

A ray of sunlight flashed from a polished barrel of steel, and Mart found himself looking into the tube of a six-shooter.

CHAPTER VI.

MART'S CLEVER CAPTURE.

"What are you stoppin' for?" chuckled the crook. "I thought you were comin' over on this side of the wall."

Mart made no reply to the young man's sarcastic remarks.

He was placed at so complete a disadvantage that he didn't know what to do.

"Throw up your hands or I'll shoot you full of holes," grinned the rascal.

"I don't believe you will," replied Mart, coolly, who was thinking pretty rapidly.

"Why won't I?" asked the fellow, sharply.

"Because the report of your revolver would call attention to you, and that wouldn't be to your advantage."

"You're a clever boy, aren't you?" said the crook, sneeringly. "Say, why have you butted into this matter? It isn't your funeral, and you're liable to get hurt."

"I saw you steal the lady's handbag, and I have simply tried to catch you and hand you over to the police."

"Very kind of you, my pippin; but the cops are paid to do that. You won't gain anything by buttin' in. Now I'll tell you what I'll do with you. You've taken a lot of useless trouble to chase me, and now you're up against a snag. You can't go any further. To save me the trouble of hurtin' you, as I s'pose I'll have to do if you won't listen to reason, I'll give you a hundred plunks if you'll stand in with me and let me skip. You can report that you chased me to this buildin' and then lost sight of me. You'll save your skin and be \$100 to the good. How does that strike you?" asked the rascal in an eager tone.

"It doesn't strike me at all."

"What are you goin' to do about it, then?" snarled the man.

"Just stand there half a minute more and I'll tell you."

"What do you mean?"

"You'll find out presently," said Mart, with a confident smile.

The crook evidently didn't like his attitude.

"I've a great mind to put a ball into you and take my chances," he snapped.

"You're too late. There's a cop behind you now."

He turned around with a start, dropping the muzzle of his revolver.

As he did so, Mart jumped forward, seized a loose brick from the top of the wall, and just as the crook discovered that he had been fooled and turned again to the boy, the young messenger hurled the brick at his head.

The thief saw the missile coming and instinctively threw up the arm that held the gun to protect himself.

He saved his cranium, but the blow hurt his hand so badly that he dropped the revolver.

Before he could make another move, Mart vaulted the firewall, snatched up the revolver and had the rascal at his mercy.

"Now," said the boy, "throw up your hands. I've got you dead to rights."

The crook made a few remarks that wouldn't look well in print, but it didn't help his case any.

"Back up against that chimney," said Mart, "or I may put a ball into your arm or leg."

The rascal refused to budge, so Mart, who wanted to attract attention to the roof, discharged the revolver, and sent a bullet so close to the fellow's head that he jumped away in terror of his life.

"Up against that chimney or I'll let you have another," said the young messenger in a determined tone.

The crook obeyed very grudgingly.

"I'll get square with you for this, young feller," he gritted.

"All right, we'll see if you will. At any rate you'll go to jail first."

Persons employed in the various buildings in that block came to the rear windows, attracted by the report of the revolver, and many of them saw Morton pointing the gun at the thief, who was now standing against the broad chimney.

Messengers were in several instances sent for a policeman.

Mart raised his revolver and fired a second shot in the air.

The thief began to get desperate.

He saw that the game was up with him and he looked around for some avenue to make a break.

"Don't you move or I'll shoot you down," said Mart, who was watching him like a cat does a mouse. "The law is on my side."

"I'll kill you if ever I get hold of you!" hissed the crook.

At this moment the trap up which they had both come from the box factory was thrown open and a policeman appeared.

"Here, what does this mean?" he asked, looking at Mart.

The boy explained matters in a few words.

"Well, I'll take both of you to the station, and you can tell your story to the sergeant. Get up."

"Look out that he doesn't try to give you the slip," warned Mart.

"I'll see that neither of you do that," replied the officer, pointedly. "Hand me that revolver."

Mart picked it up and turned it over to him.

The officer had a secure grip on the crook's collar, and he told the boy to walk ahead.

In that order they proceeded back to the open scuttle of the box factory.

"Here, hold on, where are you going?" asked the officer as Morton walked toward the firewall.

"I want to get the lady's handbag that this chap stole. It's evidence."

"Never mind, one of these men will hunt for it."

He spoke to a workman, who looked on the next roof, saw the bag and got it.

On the way to the Church Street station they were accompanied by an increasing crowd of idlers and curiously-disposed individuals.

At the desk Mart told his story in a frank, straightforward manner that carried conviction with it.

The bag was produced as evidence.

"He's got a big roll of money in one of his pockets," said Mart.

This came to light when he was searched. It was counted and a note made of the amount.

Mart gave his name and stated that he was messenger for Alfred Belford of Wall Street.

The crook refused to say anything.

The sergeant telephoned Headquarters to find out if a report had been received of the robbery of a lady on Exchange Place, an hour or so since.

An affirmative reply was received.

The officer replied that he believed he had the thief in custody.

The rascal was then locked up and Mart was permitted to go, with instructions to appear at the Tombs Police Court at two that afternoon.

CHAPTER VII.

THE TIP THAT MART GOT THROUGH BROKER BIRD.

When Mart walked into the reception-room of his office he expected to hear from Austin Rookwood in a manner that wouldn't be pleasant, for staying away so long without permission.

As he believed he had a good excuse he was not very much worried at what the cashier might have to say.

Rookwood was boiling mad over Mart's absence.

He had been obliged to send the junior clerk out with several important messages, and he was prepared to handle Mart without gloves when he appeared.

Everybody in the office knew that the boy was up against it, and wondered what was detaining him.

Gertie was exceedingly anxious, for she thought some accident might have happened to the young messenger.

She knew he wouldn't stay away without good cause.

That wasn't his way of doing business.

Rookwood wasn't so reasonable in his deductions.

He believed that Mart was taking advantage of the absence of Mr. Belford, and he intended to show the boy

up in as bad a light as he could when the broker came downtown.

Mart walked into the counting-room to report.

As soon as the cashier saw him he opened up on him.

"Where in thunder have you been loafing all this time?" he roared, furiously.

"Will you let me explain?" asked Mart, calmly.

"Do you know that you've been out nearly two hours on that message to Exchange Place?" snorted Rookwood.

"I know I've been away some time."

"I say you've been out two hours. Where have you been? Mr. Belford shall be told about your conduct, and if you aren't fired you'll be lucky."

Mart told him about the theft of the lady's handbag in Exchange Place, and how he had given chase to the crook, expecting to overtake him before he had gone very far.

"Very brave of you," sneered Rookwood; "but what business had you to butt in?"

"Don't you think I did the right thing?" asked Mart, in some surprise.

"It's the business of the police to attend to such matters," replied the bookkeeper, non-committally.

"There wasn't a policeman in sight when the robbery was committed. Only for me the thief would have gotten clear off."

"Humph! I suppose our business has got to suffer because the police are not on hand to attend to theirs," said Rookwood. "I had to send Edwards out with several messages because you were not here to deliver them."

"Well, I'm here now."

"I see you are."

"I've got to appear at the Tombs Police Court at two o'clock to give my evidence against the crook, so you'll have to excuse me for an hour probably at that time."

"This is an outrage!" cried Rookwood, violently. "Hadn't you better take the whole day off and be done with it?" he added, sarcastically.

"Well, don't kick with me," replied Mart. "Ring up the Church Street Station and have it out with the sergeant. It isn't my fault I've got to go to court."

"It is your fault for mixing yourself up in this matter," replied the cashier, angrily.

"Have you got anything more to say, sir?"

"Don't be impertinent. Mr. Belford will settle with you later. Go to your seat outside."

In a few minutes Rookwood found it necessary to send him on an errand, and took occasion to advise him not to stay all day.

Mart hurried away.

His errand took him to the Johnston Building, not very far away on Wall Street.

Broker Ellis Bird was in the same elevator going up.

So was a broker's messenger munching an apple.

Mr. Bird got out first, Mart followed and the other boy was at his heels.

"I'd like to break that lobster's head," said the other messenger to Mart as they went down the corridor together after "Foxy" Bird.

"Why?" asked Morton.

"'Cause he gave a losin' tip on a stock a month ago. I passed the tip on to my boss, he copped it for several

thousand plunks, and got it in the neck. I nearly got fired when I expected to make a stake. Dern you, take that!"

As Mr. Bird opened the door of his office to enter, the boy threw the remainder of the apple at his head.

The missile caught Mr. Bird squarely in the eye.

The boy disappeared into a broker's office, leaving Mart in the corridor.

"Foxy" Bird turned around in a rage as soon as he could see and rushed at Morton, supposing him to be the aggressor.

"I'll have you arrested, you young villain!" he roared, grabbing Mart by the arm.

"What's the matter with you?" replied Mart.

"You hit me in the eye with half an apple, you rascal."

"Did you see me do it?" asked the boy, coolly.

"No, but I know it was you who did it. You're the only one in the corridor, and I know you messengers have been annoying me lately."

"You're off your perch. I don't play such kid tricks as that. There was another boy, who was eating an apple, got off the elevator at the same time we did."

"Where did he go?" asked Broker Bird, suddenly remembering that he had seen a boy in the cage eating fruit.

"I give it up," replied Mart, who didn't intend to put the broker on the other lad's trail.

"Did he go into one of these offices?"

"It is possible he did."

"Don't you know which one he went into after throwing the apple at me?"

"I didn't keep tab on what he did."

"I believe you're trying to shield him. If you are you're as bad as he is."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Bird, it's none of my business, and I'm in a hurry."

Mart hurried away as the broker opened the door of the office next to the one the boy had entered.

There was an uproar in the corridor when Mart came back after delivering his message.

Mr. Bird had hold of the guilty youth by the ear and was cuffing him in a way that did not afford the recipient much enjoyment.

The lad was resenting the blows by applying the toes of his shoes to such parts of the broker's limbs as were within reach.

The doors of half the offices in the vicinity were open and the space filled by curious clerks attracted by the disturbance.

As Mart came up the boy, by a dexterous move, succeeded in upsetting the broker.

A pocketbook fell out of Mr. Bird's pocket.

The boy gave it a kick that sent it spinning behind Mart, and then took to his heels.

Mart turned around and chased the wallet.

It struck the baseboard, opened and dumped several papers out.

A puff of air at the same moment scattered the papers over the corridor.

Mart started in to pick them up, and got all but one, which he overlooked.

He then returned the book to Mr. Bird, who had got on his feet.

The paper which Mart missed had in the meanwhile been blown near the elevator, and the boy saw it when he pushed the button.

He did not connect it with Mr. Bird's pocketbook, but picked it up because he wanted something on which to make a rude sketch of the recent scrimmage to show his friend Will.

Mart had some talent as an amateur artist, and often produced pictures that told their story better than words.

The elevator came along before he made a mark, and he took it.

When he returned to the office he took the paper from his pocket and drew the rough sketch he had in mind.

Noticing that the paper was folded, he opened it, and saw writing inside.

He read the following:

"Ellis B.—Crosby is buying D. & G. right and left. I know this to be a fact. A syndicate is evidently behind him, and I think it is up to you and me to get in on the ground-floor with the knowing ones. A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse. I've already arranged for 10,000. Get thee busy. "Parker G."

Mart whistled after he had read it.

"A tip as sure as you live. Must have dropped out of 'Foxy's' pocket when he stepped out of the elevator. I wonder what D. & G. is going at?"

Consulting the tape he saw that it had been largely dealt in that morning, and that the price had gone to 72½.

"I guess I've got on to a good thing," he said. "Luck is running my way to-day."

His reflections were broken in upon by the cashier, who called him to his desk to take a message to Broker Black at the Exchange.

Mart knew Broker Crosby, the one mentioned in the note, by sight.

While waiting at the rail in the Exchange for Mr. Black to come up, he saw Mr. Crosby at the D. & G. standard accepting offers of the stock from several brokers.

This convinced the boy that the pointer conveyed by the note was undoubtedly founded on fact.

"I must get in on this deal when I leave the office this afternoon for the police court. It seems to be a first-class chance for me to double my capital. If Mr. 'Foxy' Bird knew he had accidentally put me in the way of making a wad of money I believe he'd have a fit. If I win out it will be one on Mr. Bird."

Mart delivered his note to Mr. Black and then went back to the office.

CHAPTER VIII.

D. & G. PROVES TO BE A WINNER.

At half-past one Mart obtained permission from Rookwood to go to the court on Centre Street, but the cashier gave it very unwillingly.

Mart had a certificate of deposit on the little bank for \$5,000.

He put it up as security for the purchase of 650 shares of D. & G. at 73, and received back \$255 in cash.

Then he went on to the police court.

The case was one of the first called, and the first witness was the lady who was held up and robbed by the prisoner at the bar.

She readily identified the thief, recognized her hand-bag and testified that the amount of money she had lost was \$5,000.

That was the exact sum taken from the crook when he was arrested.

Mart then took the witness chair, corroborated the lady's testimony of the robbery, and described his chase of the thief until he had cornered him on the roof of the Church Street building, when the policeman came up and took him in charge.

The prisoner was asked if he had anything to say, but remained silent.

The magistrate then remanded him for the action of the Grand Jury.

As Mart was leaving the court-room he was told by an officer that the lady in the case wished to speak to him.

He went over to the bench where she was seated.

"I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Morton, for causing the arrest of the man who robbed me, and for the recovery of my money," she said, smilingly.

"You are quite welcome, madam. I believed it to be my duty to catch him."

"I shall be glad to know you better. My husband, too, will wish to thank you when he returns to the city. Here is my name and address. I shall be pleased to have you call on me any time you can make it convenient to do so."

"Thank you, Mrs. Calvert," replied Mart, taking her card and putting it in his pocket. "I will try and call some time soon."

"Do so. I shall be very glad to see you."

Mart bowed, and then excused himself because he was in haste to return to his office.

When he reported his return to Rookwood he found the cashier in bad humor.

That individual had been trying to make himself solid with Gertie while Mart was away, and she had turned him down in a way that he didn't like.

"So you've got back, have you?" growled Rookwood.

"Yes, sir," replied Morton, cheerfully.

"You haven't more than got time to take the day's deposits to the bank. There is the book. Just chase yourself there and back."

Mart grabbed the bankbook, with its wad of yellowbacks and checks, put it into a leather bag which he slung over his shoulder, and started for the bank.

He reached his destination within one minute of closing time by a rapid spurt, and took his place at the rear of the line of depositors.

Will Bradley came in right after him and gave him a punch in the ribs to let him know that he was on hand.

"It's too bad you wasn't shut out," said Mart; "it would have saved you from the licking I'm going to give you."

"For what?"

"Punching me in the ribs."

"Huh!" grinned Will, giving him another thump. "How do you like that?"

Mart suddenly jerked his elbow back and caught Bradley in the stomach.

"Wow!" grunted Will. "What did you do that for? You almost knocked the wind out of me."

"Just giving you a dose of your own medicine."

"Well, that's enough."

"You're satisfied, then?"

"I've a great mind to knock your block off," growled Will.

"Don't, please. I need it in my business."

"What makes you so late?" asked his friend.

"How about yourself? You came in after me."

"I was delayed by an errand."

"I was delayed by the police court."

"What have you to do with the police court?"

"I was a witness at the examination of a crook."

"Yes you were," replied Will, incredulously.

"I was."

"How came you to be a witness?"

"Because I captured the rascal after he had stolen \$5,000 from a lady on Exchange Place."

"The dickens you did!" exclaimed Will, greatly surprised. "When did this happen?"

"This morning."

"Tell me about it," said Will, eagerly. "Did you see the lady robbed?"

"Sure. And I chased the thief."

"Where did you catch him?"

"On the roof of a building on Church Street near Fulton."

"What are you giving me?"

"The truth."

"Did you chase the fellow way over there?"

"Sure."

"Where were the pounce?"

"On their beats, I suppose. Just wait till I put in my book," said Mart, reaching his hand in at the receiving teller's window.

"Did the fellow put up much of a fight when you cornered him?" asked Will.

"He drew a revolver on me first and had all the best of the argument, but I worked an old gag on him and after that things came my way."

"What do you mean by an old gag?"

"I called his attention to an imaginary cop coming up behind him. He turned to see, and then I knocked his gun out of his hand with a brick."

Mart got his book from the teller and then Will stepped up to the window and put his in.

"I'm the last of the Mohicans, aren't you glad?" grinned Bradley at the clerk.

As soon as he got his book the boys walked out of the bank together.

"I suppose your adventure is printed in the afternoon papers," said Will.

"I never thought of that," replied Mart. "The reporters must have got the particulars off the station blotter. If they took down my evidence at the examination they ought to have enough material to write up a column."

On their way home an hour later they read the story

in the evening paper, and Mart told Will that about three-quarters of the facts were not in it.

The morning papers printed a fuller and more accurate account, which the reporters had obtained at the police court.

Next day Rookwood made matters particularly sultry for Morton.

It looked as if he was trying to get square for the annoyance to which he had been put the preceding day owing to the boy's thief-catching adventure.

"He's got a big grouch on against me," said Mart to Gertie. "If he doesn't haul in his horns I'll stay away till Mr. Belford comes back, and then show him up. Nothing I do seems to suit him. Well, he'll find he can't ride rough-shod over me."

During the day Mart got an occasional look at the tape, and he was pleased to notice that D. & G. was slowly advancing.

It closed at a point and a fraction above the previous day's quotations.

Next day was Saturday and Mart began the day's operations with a run-in with Austin Rookwood.

"What's the matter with you, anyway, Morton?" roared the cashier. "You seem to think I haven't any authority down here while Mr. Belford is away. I want you to understand that I am the boss while he is absent, and I won't stand any nonsense from a kid like you. It's your business to do what you're told and say nothing."

"You'll oblige me by not calling me a kid," retorted Mart, with some dignity.

"What else are you? I suppose you imagine yourself a man."

"Well, I'm man enough to resent a continuous performance of abuse such as you have been handing me out since you've been in temporary charge."

"How dare you speak to me in that way?"

"Because it's the truth."

"You young whippersnapper, I'll make it my business to see that you get what's coming to you when Mr. Belford comes back!" cried Rookwood, furiously.

"When he hears my side of the story maybe you'll get all that's coming to you."

"You impertinent jackanapes!" roared Rookwood. "I won't put up with your back-talk any longer. Get out of the office, do you hear? I'll get another messenger."

"You haven't any authority to discharge me," retorted Mart.

"I'll assume the authority, then. I won't have you here, d'ye understand?"

"All right. I don't care to stay here while you're in charge. Hand me over my week's wages and I'll get out. But as soon as Mr. Belford shows up I'll make you look like thirty cents."

The cashier threw his money at him and Mart coolly walked out and went over to the visitors' gallery of the Exchange, where he remained till the business closed at noon, when he met Will and told him about the trouble he had had with Rookwood.

"So you're going to take a holiday till Mr. Belford gets back?"

"That's what I mean to do."

"When do you expect him down?"

"I couldn't say. I hear he's a pretty sick man."
 "But you can't afford to remain idle."
 "How do you know I can't?"
 "Why, you've told me more than once that your sister had all she could do to pull through with the help of your wages."

"I told you the truth; but things are easier with us now. We wouldn't starve if I didn't work for a year."

"Is that so? I'm glad to hear it."

"By the way, Will, if you want to make another haul out of the market, buy some shares of D. & G. I've just caught on to a pointer that indicates it is to be a sure winner."

"Do you really advise me to buy it?"

"I do. It's gone up two points since I got hold of the tip. Hold on for a ten-point raise at any rate, and I think you'll be safe enough."

"I'll buy on Monday. What is it going at?"

"It closed at 75 to-day."

Will bought 40 shares of D. & G. Monday on the strength of Mart's advice, and he found himself \$75 to the good at three o'clock.

Mart himself was about \$2,500 ahead, so he didn't care whether Mr. Belford came downtown for a month.

On Wednesday the stock became the battleground for the brokers.

Amid great excitement it went up to 85.

Next day it soared to 92 and Mart ordered the bank to close him out.

His stock went at 92½, and he made a profit of \$12,400.

Will sold out at 90 and made \$600.

Bradley was tickled to death, for he was now worth \$900.

He wasn't quite so happy a day or two later when his boss, Mr. Dingwall, was obliged to make an assignment, as the sudden rise in D. & G. had practically wiped him out.

At any rate, at the close of the week Will found himself out of a job.

CHAPTER IX.

MART HIRES AN OFFICE.

"So you're out of a position, are you, Will?" said Mart, when he met his friend a little after noon on Saturday.

"Yes," replied Bradley, looking rather glum.

"Dingwall went up rather sudden, didn't he?"

"I should say he did. It was D. & G. that did it. He was caught on the short side of the market."

"He isn't the only one that was caught, but the others seem to have weathered the lee-shore of financial disaster."

"Been reading a nautical novel?" grinned Will. "Lee-shore of financial disaster is good."

"No, just a figurative expression of mine."

"You seem to have a knack for getting off figurative expressions. When are you going back to your job?"

"Give it up. Mr. Belford is still under the weather, and Rookwood is carrying things with a high hand at the office. I saw Miss Dixon and she told me she had half a mind to leave, herself. On the whole, I don't know as I'll go back."

"Are you looking for another place?"

"No."

"Going to be your own boss awhile longer?"

"I'm thinking of being my own boss for good."

"How?" asked Will, in surprise.

"There's a small office in the Atlas Building for rent. I have about concluded to take it and hang out my shingle as a broker."

"I think I see you doing it," chuckled Will.

"Well, if you keep track of my movements on Monday you're liable to see me do it."

"What are you going to start on—wind?"

"Not much. I've got quite a little capital."

"Since when?"

"Since I bought 100 shares of M. & B. at 48 and sold it at 65½."

"When did that happen?" asked Will, incredulously.

"About the time you got that fake tip from 'Foxy' Bird."

"Why, you told me that you didn't have any money then!"

"I didn't when you asked me to go in with you on C. & U., but I had \$500 when I warned you not to buy C. & U., but to sell the stock instead."

"Where did you get it?" asked Will, much astonished.

"I can't tell you all my secrets, Will. It came my way just when it was of great advantage to me. I put it into M. & B. and made \$1,700."

"The dickens you did! And you never told me a word about your good luck at the time."

"That's right. You remember after you made that \$80 by following my advice to sell instead of buy C. & U., that I told you to turn around and buy the stock at the low price it had gone to?"

"Yes, I made \$200 by doing as you told me."

"Well, I bought 500 shares of C. & U. at the same time and made \$3,300."

"You did?"

Mart nodded.

"When I told you to go into D. & G. the other day, I had just bought 650 shares of it. You made \$600, while I made something over \$12,000."

"Suffering jawbones!" exclaimed Will.

"Now you know how I've accumulated a little capital of nearly \$20,000. So you see that instead of worrying about my late job at Belford's, I'm figuring on branching out for myself. Don't you want to take desk room with me? I'll give you the benefit of my advice and any tips I may get hold of. With \$900 to back yourself you ought to make more money than running your legs off for some broker."

"My folks wouldn't stand for it."

"Don't tell them. How much do you turn in on Saturdays?"

"Seven dollars."

"Have you told them that you expected to be out to-day?"

"Yes."

"Well, give them to understand that you expect to get something next week. Say that you have got in with a new broker who is going to open up in a few days, and that he has offered you a chance to make wages in his office. Then every Saturday draw seven dollars of your

capital and turn it in at the house. I'll wager if you follow my lead your capital will grow instead of diminishing."

Will Bradley was quite taken with the idea.

"I'll think it over and let you know Monday morning," he said. "Where will I meet you?"

"If you'll come down at the usual hour I'll meet you at the station."

"It's a go," agreed Will.

Accordingly they met on Monday morning and Mart steered Will around to the Atlas Building, where he got the janitor to show them the office.

Mart said he'd take it up to the first of next May and flashed a wad of bills in the janitor's face.

"You'll have to see the agent," said the janitor. "If he's willing you should hire it, I'm satisfied."

"Where can I see the agent?" asked Mart.

"He isn't down yet. His office is on the eighth floor. His name is Austin. You'll see it on the door. Call around in about an hour."

"I will," replied Morton.

Mart knew he'd have to furnish a first-class reference and guarantee.

"I'll go around and call on Mr. John Douglas. He'll fix me up, I guess. He said he'd be glad to do me a favor if I wanted one. I'll give him the chance now."

So he walked around to 150 Broadway and took an elevator for the tenth floor.

The red-headed youth was on hand when he and Will entered.

"Has Mr. Douglas got down yet?" asked Mart.

"No," replied the boy.

"When do you expect him?"

"Soon," replied the youth.

"We'll wait, then," and so he and Bradley seated themselves.

It was about half an hour before the lawyer made his appearance.

He recognized Mart, shook hands with him and asked him into his sanctum.

"Well, how are you doing, Morton?" asked Mr. Douglas, after they were seated.

"I've left my position and am going into business for myself," replied Mart.

"Are you, indeed?"

"Yes, sir. I expect to take an office in the Atlas Building on Wall Street, and I came around to ask you if you will stand my reference."

"Certainly I will."

"Thank you. It will probably surprise you to learn that I have made such good use of that \$500 you were so kind to present me with that I am now worth nearly \$20,000."

The lawyer was surprised and asked Mart how he had been so fortunate.

The boy told him he had made it out of lucky deals in the stock market.

"I guess you must be a pretty smart boy," smiled the lawyer.

Mart told him how he had been making a study of Wall Street since he first went to work as a messenger, as he was ambitious to become a broker some day.

"Are you thinking of starting out as a broker now?"

"Yes, sir. I don't expect to do much business for myself at first, but in time I hope to break into the game."

"Well, I hope you will get along. I will do all I can to help you. Your promptness in returning my pocket-book, just as you found it, when you might easily have kept the money and disposed of the ring for a considerable sum, much impressed me with your honest and straightforward character. You are at liberty to refer to me at any time and I will back you up."

After some further conversation, Mart took his leave with Will and returned to the Atlas Building.

The agent was in his office and Mart told him he wanted to rent the office on the seventh floor.

"I am ready to pay three months' rent in advance and can refer you to Lawyer John Douglas, of 150 Broadway."

The agent called Mr. Douglas up on the 'phone and asked him if he would be willing to guarantee the rent of the office for the balance of the term ending May 1st on the following year.

The lawyer said he would, and so Mart got the office.

By the end of the week the office was fitted up with two desks, a safe, a ticker, and such other articles as were necessary to make it look like business.

A painter was hired to place the following sign on the glass door:

MARTIN MORTON,
STOCK BROKER.

"Nothing like being one's own boss, Mart," laughed Will, as he contemplated the finished sign. "I wonder what Mr. Belford would say if he saw that?"

"Give it up. I'd like Austin Rookwood to see it, though. I think he'd have a fit. He's down on me like a carload of bricks. Let's go over to the Exchange now, and see what's doing." And they went.

CHAPTER X.

MISS TRIMBLE.

About one o'clock on the following day, which was Saturday, Mart strolled over to Mr. Belford's office to see Gertie Dixon.

"What are you doing in here?" roared Austin Rookwood, as the boy was about to enter the counting-room.

"I came to see Miss Dixon," replied Mart, independently.

"Well, you can't see her in here."

"Business is over for the day, isn't it?"

"That's none of your business."

"All right," replied Mart. "I'll wait for her in the counting-room."

Gertie had a friend with her, and when she heard Mart's voice she ran out to see him.

"I'm awfully glad to see you, Mart," she said, holding out her hand to him. "Come inside, I want to introduce you to a young lady."

"Mr. Rookwood won't have it. He ordered me to stay out of the counting-room."

"Don't you care. Mr. Belford will be down Monday and then you'll be back once more."

"No, I won't. I wouldn't work in the same office with Rookwood for a farm."

"I'm so sorry," replied Gertie, and she looked it. "Have you got another place?"

"I'm in business for myself."

"You are?" she exclaimed, in astonishment.

"Yes, I've got an office in the Atlas Building, three doors below."

"Is it possible? Why, what are you doing?"

"I'm a broker, and my friend Bradley is in with me, though not as a partner."

"My goodness! You a broker! You astonish me!"

"I thought I would. I came to take you over and show you my office. Will you come?"

"Yes, of course; but I can't understand how you can set up as a broker without money."

"I'm not setting up without money. It cost me several hundred dollars to fit my office up, in the first place."

"Dear me! I was always under the impression that you and your sister were not very well off."

"We haven't been until lately."

"Somebody has left you money, then?"

"No; whatever money I have now I made myself."

"Well," said Gertie, who could not understand the matter, "I'm glad you are so well provided for that you can go into business for yourself. Just wait a moment till I put on my things."

She ran back into the counting-room and a few minutes later reappeared with her friend, whom she introduced to Mart as Miss Annie Trimble.

"Glad to make your acquaintance, Miss Trimble," said the boy.

The girl smiled.

She was quite a pretty, sylish-looking young lady, and rather impressed Mart.

"We'll go around to my office now, if you're ready," said Morton.

They were quite ready, so the young broker piloted the way to the seventh floor of the Atlas Building.

"Martin Morton, Stock Broker," read Gertie, as they paused in front of his door. "Aren't we some pumpkins now?" she laughed.

"Yes, Gertie, we are one of the people now. Walk in."

The girls admired his office and then sat down for a short chat.

"Are you working in the Street, Miss Trimble?" asked Mart.

"I have been until lately. I am looking for a position at present."

"Wouldn't you sooner be your own boss?"

"That would be nice, I am sure," she smiled, "but too good to be realized."

"Oh, I don't know," replied Mart. "If you branched out as a public stenographer, you could be your own boss."

"I've thought of that, but I couldn't afford to rent an office."

"What's the matter with taking deskroom in here? I won't charge you anything till you get on your feet."

"Oh, I couldn't think of imposing on you that way!"

"Don't you worry about that. I'll be glad to have you. I'll put your name on the door, get some cards printed for you, and you can start out drumming up trade. Besides, Bradley and I will put in a good word for you where we are acquainted."

"You are very kind, I am sure."

"Why don't you take him up, Annie?" said Gertie. "This is a fine chance for you. You know you've been wanting to start out for yourself. I'll guarantee that Mart will treat you all right."

"I'll talk the thing over with my mother and let you know Monday," said Miss Trimble.

"All right," said Mart.

He invited the girls to go to lunch with him and they accepted.

He took them down to a nice restaurant on Beaver Street and ordered the best lunch the place could furnish.

After the meal he escorted them to the Brooklyn Bridge cars and bade them good-bye.

"Well," said Will, when the two boys entered the office on Monday morning, "what are we going to do this week toward making the mighty dollar?"

"I couldn't tell you. We must keep wide awake and watch the market. By the way, I put an advertisement in three of the Wall Street dailies. I'm making a bid for out-of-town patronage. I've arranged with a broker to divide commissions with me on any business I send him. Anything to get a start, you know."

"I guess you'll come out all right. There doesn't seem to be any flies on you."

"I hope not. One can't go to sleep in Wall Street and expect to get along."

"I should say not."

"You'd better go to the Exchange this morning and stay there a couple of hours. Keep your eye on A. & P. I've an idea there may be something doing in that stock. It looks buoyant and is really several points below its usual place on the list. It closed at 88 Saturday. If we had some assurance that it was likely to go up two or three points this week it would pay us to take a shy at it. A profit of \$2 a share is not to be sneezed at."

"Bet your life it isn't. I'll go now."

Will put on his hat and departed for the Exchange.

The door had hardly closed behind him before Miss Trimble made her appearance.

"Good morning, Miss Trimble," said Mart. "Take a seat. Well, what decision did you come to about the matter we discussed on Saturday?"

"I have decided to accept your kind offer."

"All right. Do you own a machine?"

"No, but I can easily rent one."

"What machine do you use?"

Miss Trimble named the one to which she was accustomed.

"I'll order one for you this afternoon, and have a table put in for your use. You can occupy that corner by the window."

"Thank you, Mr. Morton."

"I'll order 500 cards from a printer when I go out. How will it read? Miss Trimble or Miss A. Trimble?"

"Miss A. Trimble, I guess," she replied.

"Public Stenographer," went on Mart, making out the copy. "Room 452, Atlas Building. Typewriting done with neatness and dispatch at reasonable rates. That will do, I guess."

"Yes," she said.

"I will have everything ready for you by to-morrow noon."

"I am ever so much obliged," she said, rising to go.

"You're welcome. Don't be in a hurry."

"I want to run uptown to a department store."

"After some bargain that's been advertised?" he chuckled.

"You mustn't be so inquisitive, Mr. Morton," she replied, with an arch smile.

"All right. I'll look for you to-morrow afternoon."

Miss Trimble had been gone but a few minutes when a messenger entered with a note.

Mart recognized him as his successor at Belford's.

The note was from Mr. Belford, asking him to call at the office.

"Tell Mr. Belford I'll be over shortly," he said to the boy.

Half an hour later he entered Mr. Belford's office and was shown into the private room.

The broker looked thin and pale.

"Good morning, Mr. Belford," said Mart. "How are you feeling?"

"Not very bright as yet. How is it that you left the office? I have heard Mr. Rookwood's story. Miss Dixon also had something to say on the subject which did not coincide with my cashier's statement. I should like to hear your side of the question. It is my impression, from my experience with you, that Mr. Rookwood acted without weighing the circumstances properly. I don't like to use you, but I hear from Miss Dixon that you've opened an office in the Atlas Building. I'm afraid that was an unwise move on your part. However, that is not the matter I want to see you about. I want to know exactly why you left my employ."

"I left because Mr. Rookwood insisted on my going, and also because I didn't care to work longer under his authority. He didn't treat me decently, and I am too independent to put up with unmerited abuse. You know well enough that I always attended to your work right up to the handle, and that you never found fault with me. Now I couldn't please Mr. Rookwood even a little bit. He has a standing grouch against me, and he took advantage of your absence to rub it in. The trouble began with my two-hour absence the first morning, when I gave chase to a thief who robbed a lady on Exchange Place."

Mart explained the whole of his adventure to the broker.

"I should have acted the same way had you been here, and I don't think that you would have blamed me," concluded Mart.

Before the interview was over Morton had squared himself.

Then Mr. Belford asked him how he expected to succeed in business, and what capital he had.

He told the broker just how he had made his capital in the market, and the gentleman was quite surprised.

"I suppose it is out of the question for me to expect you to come back, Mart?"

"Yes, sir. I expect to get along much better now than as a messenger."

"Well, I hope you will. I'll see if I can't put something in your way occasionally to encourage you, for believe me, I am interested in your future."

"Thank you, sir. Anything you may do will be gratefully appreciated."

Mark then rose and bade the broker good-bye.

He took the liberty of walking into the counting-room to see Gertie.

The cashier glared at him, but did not dare to keep him out.

While Mart was talking to the stenographer, Mr. Belford called Rookwood inside and told him plainly that he did not approve of his course toward Morton.

This calling-down did not improve the cashier's feelings toward Mart, but he was prudent enough not to give vent to them when he saw the boy pass out.

Mart then returned to his office to study the latest Wall Street intelligence, and to consider the situation with a view to making a profitable deal.

CHAPTER XI.

MART GETS ANOTHER TIP AND WINS BIG MONEY.

Miss Trimble came in next day about noon, got some of her cards and then went out to solicit trade in her line.

Mart had told her that he had inserted a standing advertisement for her in one of the Wall Street dailies, and she thanked him for the interest he took in her.

That day Mart bought 2,000 shares of A. & P. for himself and 100 shares for Will Bradley at 88 $\frac{3}{4}$.

Three days later, after it had advanced to 91 $\frac{1}{2}$, he sold out, clearing a profit of \$6,000.

Will gathered in \$300 as his share of the transaction.

"That's as good as six months salary as a messenger, Will. I said you'd do better on your own hook than working for somebody else."

"How much did you make?"

Mart told him.

"It won't take long for you to get rich at that rate," said Will.

"The more capital a fellow has the more he can make, provided he's lucky."

Just then the carrier came in with a letter for Mart.

He opened and read it.

It was from a Mr. Opdyke, who wished some information about buying stocks.

He said he had seen Morton's advertisement in the Wall Street *Argus*, and had taken the liberty, etc.

On the heels of this appeared the red-headed office boy attached to Mr. Douglas's law office.

He brought a note stating that the lawyer wanted to see Mart on business.

So Mart, having nothing particular on hand, went to 150 Broadway.

"Well, Morton," said the lawyer, "I'm going to put a good thing in your way, but you must keep it quiet; do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"I have a friend who is connected with one of the largest and wealthiest operators in this city. He occasionally tips me off to a sure thing in the market. Now do you think you could arrange with some broker to buy for me 10,000 shares of S. & T. on margin? It is quoted at 56. I'll make out a check to your order for \$56,000. You

can endorse and turn it over to the broker through whom you make the deal. The commissions will amount to \$2,500. Don't you think you could get a thousand out of it?"

"Yes, sir. I'll put the order through my former employer. Better make the check out to him direct, and I'll carry your order to him at once."

"Very well. I will do so. Now, Mart, you had better buy a small block of that stock yourself. Hold it till it gets to 70 and then sell out. You will also sell me out at the same figure without waiting for any order to that effect unless I send you word to sell at a lower figure."

"All right, sir. Write out your order with that direction attached, and I will attend to it right up to the handle."

The lawyer handed the order and his check to Mart and the young broker took his leave.

He went direct to Mr. Belford's office.

The broker was in.

"I've brought you an order for the purchase of 10,000 shares of S. & T., Mr. Belford. I suppose you'll allow me a rake-off in the commission?"

"Certainly, Mart. You shall have an even half."

"Thank you, sir. Here is the gentleman's check for the margin. He's a wealthy Broadway lawyer. The same man who gave me that \$500 for returning him his pocket-book that he lost in the Mills Building."

"Very well, Mart, I'll buy the shares right away and hold them subject to your order."

Mart then went to the broker with whom he had a business arrangement and bought 4,000 shares of S. & T. at 56 for his personal account.

When he got back to the office he told Will to go out and buy 200 shares of the stock for himself, and to hold it for 70, unless he told him to sell at a different price.

"Is this a tip you've got?" asked Bradley, with an interested look.

"It's a tip from my friend the Broadway lawyer, but it mustn't get away from you, remember."

"Oh, I won't say a word," said Will, putting on his hat and going out.

As both boys had nearly all their money up they watched the ticker with a great deal of interest and perhaps not a little anxiety.

They knew that the best-arranged deal is subject to the uncertainties of the Street, and that one who speculates in stocks, even with inside information, can never be cocksure that something may not happen to upset all calculations.

Beyond a doubt Wall Street is the greatest game of chance in the world, and for that reason its votaries are legion.

S. & T. hung fire around 56 for two whole days, keeping the young broker and his companion in a fever heat of impatience and anxiety, and then it began to go up, a little at a time.

"For a good thing, as you call it, S. & T. is slower than molasses," said Will, on the fifth morning.

"I don't care how slow it is as long as it's headed in the right direction," replied Mart. "We haven't anything so important on our hands that we can't afford to wait. By the way, Miss Trimble got her first job of work yesterday

afternoon. We may now expect to hear the click of her typewriter. That will make our office look more like business."

Just then the young lady walked in and exchanged good mornings with them.

She looked pretty, and Will was more than ever satisfied that she was one of the prettiest girls in Wall Street.

"She ought to be able to scare up work with that face of hers to keep herself fully employed all the time," he thought, as he watched her seat herself at the machine and begin clicking the keys.

Will went to the Exchange and kept his eyes and attention centered on S. & T.

The stout broker, whom he had noticed for four days past buying in the stock whenever he could get it at or near the market price, was still hovering around the group of brokers whose interests were identified with S. & T.

The attention of the traders however was now aroused by the broker's persistent buying, and those who had shares of the stock asked a higher price for it.

It had been going at about 58, but there was none to be got under 60.

The stout broker disappeared for awhile, and while he was away several transactions in S. & T. were put through at 60 and even better.

In fact, quite a little excitement was noticeable in this part of the floor, and it wasn't so long before 61 was asked and given for 1,000 shares.

Soon after an effort was made by somebody to break the price, but it failed.

Mart was watching the course of events on the office ticker.

While he was thus employed the door opened and a gentleman entered the room.

He looked around and then remarked that he would call again, as he wanted to see Mr. Morton.

"Take a seat," said Mart, motioning to a chair; "that's my name."

"But you're not Mr. Morton, stock broker," said the caller.

"Well, I was under the impression that I am that person," smiled Mart; "but if you can show that I am not, of course—"

"But you are only a boy!" replied the surprised visitor.

"I won't attempt to deny that fact, for anybody can see that I haven't sprouted a mustache yet. What can I do for you, sir?"

"I am not sure that you can do anything for me. So you are a stock broker, my young friend. You are quite young to be in the business. However, I am glad to know you, Mr. Morton. My name is Swift. I am a broker, also, with an office on this floor. I hope we shall know one another better. I merely called to see if you have any shares of S. & T."

From the way he asked the question it was evident that he did not expect that Mart had any.

"I have a few," replied Mart.

"Have you?" said the broker, in some surprise. "What do you want for them?"

"Well, I am afraid I want more than you'll give."

"How much is that?"

"Seventy."

"You are certainly putting a modest price on them. The stock is ruling now at about 60."

"I beg your pardon, it's gone up to 61. That's the last quotation on the ticker a moment ago."

"Well, 61, then; but that's a long way shy of the figure you mentioned."

"That's right, but I've an idea it will reach 70 in a day or two, and that's why I mean to hold the shares at that price."

"I'm afraid you'll never get it."

"Maybe not. You never can tell what may happen in the market."

"It is evident, my young friend, that we can't do business. I can't give more than 61½ for the stock as the market stands."

"Well, sir, there is no harm done. I am glad to have made your acquaintance. If I can do anything for you hereafter, drop in and I will be glad to serve you."

"Thank you," replied the broker, rising. "Call in and see me some time. My office is at the end of the corridor."

"I will. Good-day."

When Mart looked at the ticker again, S. & T. had a sale recorded at 62.

It was up to 64 when Will came in and said that it looked as if the boom was on in the stock.

"I've been watching the stock ever since I went to the Exchange," he said, "and it looks to me as if it is scarce. Within the last hour the brokers have been trying to buy it, but only a few shares have been marked up."

"It's gone up five points since the Exchange opened, which means that you've made \$1,000 so far to-day and I twenty times as much. I guess you're not sorry that you gave up the messenger service."

"You can bet I'm not."

S. & T. closed that day at 67 and opened next morning at 67½.

By noon it had reached 70 and then Mart and Will both ordered their holdings disposed of.

First, however, Mart went over to Mr. Belford's office and told him to close out Mr. Douglas's block of 10,000 shares.

"Sell it in small lots so as not to disturb the market."

"I will do so, Mart," said the broker, writing a note to his representative on the floor of the Exchange.

When settlements were made on the following day, Mart added something over \$52,000 to his capital, while Will was \$2,500 richer, their respective capitals standing now at \$76,000 and \$3,700.

In addition to the above, Mr. Belford sent Mart a check for \$1,250, half of his commission on the Douglas deal.

CHAPTER XII.

AN INNOCENT VICTIM.

Six weeks passed away after the deal in S. & T., the profits of which had added so materially to the size of each of the boys' capital, and midsummer had come around.

Although business in general was slack in the Street, Miss Trimble had so much work on hand that she had to hire another young lady, a handsome blonde girl of nineteen, to help her get it out.

Her blonde assistant, whose name was Fanny Fair, had

not worked three days in the office before she decided that the young broker was a good thing to capture, if possible, and she began to practice her fascinating arts upon him.

She had figured out that the good-looking young man was a fine catch, and she had a business eye to the future.

Being a very handsome girl, with chic ways, and an excellent dresser, she had considerable advantage over Miss Trimble, and she knew how to make the best use of her good points.

Having laid herself out to win Mart Morton, and check-mate Annie Trimble, whom she discovered stood high in the young broker's good graces, she was not over scrupulous as to the means she employed to achieve her object.

She was thoroughly wide-awake and "up to snuff," as the expression is, and she soon found out that the office was often left in Annie Trimble's charge.

On several of these occasions Annie left her alone in the office while she went out to take notes at some office in the building.

One morning Mart went out, leaving the safe open.

Soon after he had gone a broker came in and offered Miss Trimble a \$20 bill in payment for certain work she had done for him.

There was \$7 change coming to him, but when the girl looked in her purse she found she did not have any money.

"I'm afraid I can't change this, Mr. Harlow," she said.

"It doesn't matter. You can bring me the change any time to-day," he replied.

As he was turning away Annie noticed the open safe, and knowing that Mart was accustomed to keep a small amount of money on hand all the time to meet current expenses, she thought she would take the liberty of changing the bill and telling Mart afterward about it.

"Wait a moment," she said. "Maybe I can get the money in the safe."

She tripped over to the cash drawer and looked into it.

There were some bills and some loose silver in it.

She decided to take \$7 and leave her \$20 bill.

Miss Fair had taken in the whole transaction, as she did everything that happened in the office, and she was jealous that Miss Trimble should have such a pull in the office that she could go to the office safe in the absence of the boss and help herself to money.

So when Annie returned to her desk, Miss Fair, who for her own purposes acted very sweetly and confidentially toward Miss Trimble, remarked:

"Mr. Morton must have great confidence in you to permit you to go to the safe for money whenever you want."

"Oh, that's the first time I ever did it," replied Annie, with a nervous little laugh. "I suppose I ought not to have taken the liberty, but I am sure Mr. Morton won't care, for he's an awful nice young man, and has been very generous toward me. At any rate, I left the \$20 bill in the box as security for the \$7."

"It will be all right, of course," replied Miss Fair, sweetly. "I suppose you admire Mr. Morton very much."

"What do you mean?" asked Annie, with a rosy blush which did not escape the attention of the other girl.

"I mean you like Mr. Morton, that is, in a general way," replied Miss Fair, diplomatically.

"Of course I like him. Any one would. He's a perfect gentleman."

"He seems to think a great deal of you," smiled her assistant.

"No more than he would of any young lady with whom he was brought into daily association," replied Annie, blushing again.

"Oh, yes he does," purred Miss Fair. "I'm not blind. I am sure that he thinks you are the nicest girl he ever met. His friend, Mr. Bradley, as good as admitted that fact to me yesterday."

"What nonsense!" exclaimed Annie, her face growing scarlet.

"No nonsense at all, dear," said Miss Fair, in a caressing tone that she knew how to use with great effect on her own sex. "I know what I know, and I congratulate you on the impression you have produced on him. I wish I was as fortunate."

Miss Fair was a past master in the art of inviting confidence and establishing friendly relations between herself and other girls.

At the same time she often took an unfair advantage of their friendship and confidence when it served her purpose to do so.

"I think we had better change the subject," said Miss Trimble, feeling decidedly embarrassed.

"Very well," replied Miss Fair, soothingly, working away industriously at the keys of her machine, after a covert glance in Annie's direction.

She knew how far to go with safety, and when she detected danger signals she never disregarded them.

Shortly afterward Annie had a call to go to an office on the next floor, and she asked Miss Fair to look after the office.

As soon as she was gone Miss Fair rushed over to the safe, looked in the cash drawer, saw the \$20 bill, took it out and returning to her seat, placed it in the back of her shoe.

She had hardly done so before Will Bradley came in.

Will was quite smitten with Miss Fair, which fact had not escaped that young lady's attention, and she had encouraged him to believe that the admiration was mutual.

Having nothing particular to do, Will got a chair and sat beside her.

After some conversation, during which Miss Fair bent many coquettish glances on Will, she remarked:

"Miss Trimble has the run of your safe, hasn't she?"

"Not to my knowledge," he replied. "However, it isn't my safe, it's Morton's. Why?"

"Because I saw her help herself to some money a little while ago."

Will thought this was rather a cheeky proceeding on Annie Trimble's part, and he decided to call Mart's attention to the fact.

"Morton may have given her permission to do so, but I doubt it," replied Will, who was a little sore on Annie because she had not shown him the decided preference he had looked for when she first came to the office.

"I wouldn't think of doing such a thing if I was in her position," said Miss Fair, in a pointed way. "Mr. Morton is so nice to her that maybe she thinks she owns the office. Of course I don't wish you to think that I believe she would take any money that didn't belong to her, but an open safe always furnishes a temptation that some girls can't resist. I know one girl," and Fanny Fair proceeded to tell Will an

imaginary incident that fitted so well to Miss Trimble's case that she succeeded, as she intended, in arousing Bradley's suspicions.

"It doesn't do any harm to watch such a girl sometimes on general principles," hinted Miss Fair, with one of her angelic smiles.

Will, overpowered by the witchery of her manner, was fully prepared to agree with anything she said.

All things considered, Fanny Fair was a girl to be avoided, for she was capable of doing a whole lot of harm. While they were talking, Annie came back with her notebook and proceeded to get busy on her machine.

Will went to his desk and began to read a newspaper.

After a little while Miss Fair said she was going to lunch, so she put on her hat and went out.

Fifteen minutes later Mart came back.

Will jumped up when he saw him, and going to the door, took him outside in the corridor.

A tall Japanese screen stood between the safe and the door and Annie did not notice Mart when he started to come in.

Besides, she was putting on her hat to go out herself.

As soon as she was ready to go she stood waiting for Will Bradley to return.

Suddenly she thought of the \$20 bill.

"Perhaps I'd better take it out and change it myself," she said to herself. "Mr. Morton may not have the change, and I wouldn't like to give him the trouble to get it changed when I can do it as well myself."

With that idea in her head she went to the safe and pulled out the cash box.

She was surprised not to see the \$20 bill where she had put it.

"My goodness!" she exclaimed. "Where can it be? I am sure I put it in this drawer."

At that moment Mart and Will entered the office.

Will noticed that Annie was not at her desk.

Then he saw her hat showing just above the Japanese screen.

"She's at your safe now," he said to Mart. "You wouldn't believe what I told you about her, but the proof of the pudding is before you. Just look and see what she's doing there."

Mart, feeling sick at heart, for he had come to think a whole lot of the pretty stenographer, peeped over the top of the Japanese ornament and saw that Annie had the cash drawer in her hands.

He knew that he had never given her permission to go to his safe for any reason whatever, and her presence there now, when she had been left alone in the office, was very much against her.

"Miss Trimble, what does this mean?" demanded Mart, sternly, suddenly appearing from behind the screen, with Will following closely at his heels.

The young woman uttered a smothered shriek of consternation, and dropped the cash box on the floor.

CHAPTER XIII.

ANNIE TRIMBLE COMES OUT ON TOP.

Miss Trimble wouldn't have acted as she did only she was startled by the sudden appearance of Mart, and frightened by his harsh words and stern countenance.

This, together with the consciousness that she had no right to be at the safe, completely unnerved her for the moment.

Realizing that she had unwittingly placed herself in a compromising position with the boy, toward whom she felt a strong sense of gratitude and perhaps even a warmer feeling, she gave him one appealing look and then burst into tears.

That look went straight to Mart's heart, and her tears did the rest.

He felt that he couldn't be hard on her, no matter what she was guilty of.

He gave Will a sign to get out, which that lad obeyed with pleasure, for he had no wish to be present at an unpleasant interview.

Mart looked at the weeping girl and then laying his hand gently on her arm, said:

"I beg your pardon for startling you so, Miss Annie. I should have known better. Please don't cry. I have no doubt you can explain matters to my satisfaction. Come over and sit down."

He led the trembling and weeping girl to a chair beside his desk, and did all he could to soothe her.

"What must you think of me, Mr. Morton?" she sobbed. "I know I did wrong to go to your safe, but I did not go there to take anything that did not belong to me."

Mart felt glad to hear her say that, and hoped she would be able to clear herself fully in his estimation.

"If you will only listen to me I will explain everything."

"Certainly I will listen to you," he said gently.

"You frightened me so when you jumped out from behind that screen," she went on. "I had not the slightest idea that either you or Mr. Bradley were in the room."

This was certainly a naive acknowledgment, and hardly to be expected as part of a defence that one who was guilty would make to try and clear herself.

Then between her sobs she went on to explain the whole matter—how she had received a \$20 bill from Broker Harlow in payment for \$13 worth of work, and how, not having the change, she had ventured to take \$7 from his cash drawer to give him, leaving the \$20 bill as security.

"I was just going out to lunch when I thought about the bill. It occurred to me that I had better take the bill out and change it myself so that I could return the \$7 to you with an explanation, which I believed, from your uniform kindness to me, that you would accept and overlook my freedom in making temporary use of your money without your permission. So I went to the safe, while waiting for Mr. Bradley to return, to get it. But I couldn't find the bill where I put it. It wasn't in the cash drawer, and I know I put it there. That startled me a bit, and then—and then—you sprang out to me, and spoke so—so harshly—that—that—"

She broke out crying afresh.

Mart saw that he had been too hasty in jumping at the conclusion that this girl was guilty of a crooked act.

He felt that he owed her an apology and he started to do it at once.

"Please don't cry, Miss Annie. I was too hard on you, I can easily see, and I want you to forgive me for doubting you."

His words only made her cry the more.

He began to feel embarrassed, but presently his strong liking for the girl took possession of him.

"I assure you that I feel as bad over this unfortunate incident as you do yourself. I can't bear to think that I have made you unhappy. If you only knew how much I really think of you perhaps you would understand. I have liked you from the first day I knew you, and your winsome ways have only since served to increase that liking. I know I have acted like a brute toward you. The only defence I can make is that some one has been prejudicing my friend, Will, against you, and he passed the story on to me. I really didn't believe it, but when I came in and found you standing before the safe, alone in the room, with the cash drawer in your hands, well, for the moment I didn't know what to think, and—and I just acted like a fool and frightened you out of your senses. You will forgive me, won't you?"

"It is for you to forgive me, Mr. Morton," she replied, looking at him through her tear-rimmed lashes. "I was a very foolish girl to——"

"Don't say another word about that, Annie. You will let me call you Annie, won't you? You might as well know the truth now as any other time—that I love you very dearly. That you are the only girl I have ever cared for, or ever will care for. I want you to be my wife some day, if you only will. Is that a vain dream on my part, or will you permit me to hope?"

His confession took her completely by surprise, and her heart beat tumultuously in her bosom.

Instinctively he put his arm around her waist and drew her head tenderly and unresistingly down on his shoulder, where she continued to sob like a tired child.

"There is—nothing—for me to—forgive," she sobbed.

"Yes there is. I want you to forgive me for doubting you. Do you?"

"Yes."

"And you do care for me?"

"Yes."

"And you promise to be my wife some day?"

"Do—do you really want me to?"

"I do. It is yes, isn't it?"

"Yes."

Then he kissed her for the first time, and both were very happy at that moment.

"Now, let us look for that \$20 bill you say you put in the cash drawer. Surely it ought to be there if you put it there."

He went and picked up the drawer, and recovered all the money that had fallen out, but the \$20 bill was missing.

Then he asked her to go over the circumstances again.

"Did you leave the room after putting the money in the drawer?"

"Yes, I went to Mr. Gale's office to take some dictation."

"Did you leave the office in charge of Miss Fair?"

"Yes."

"Was she alone?"

"Yes."

"How long were you gone?"

"About fifteen minutes. When I returned Mr. Bradley had come back and was talking to her."

"Hum!" said Mart, who knew that the suspicions against Miss Trimble had originated with Miss Fair, for Will had

admitted as much when Mart questioned him out in the corridor. "Never mind the bill now, Annie dearest, I have an idea where it went."

"Where?" she asked wonderingly.

"I prefer not to say as it is only a suspicion."

"But your \$7, Mart? I can't return it to-day unless I get my bill."

"Seven dollars won't break me, sweetheart," he said, in a joyous tone, slipping his arm around her waist. "Give me another kiss and then go to lunch."

She kissed him shyly, and then ran to wash her face, for she was conscious that she looked like a perfect fright.

After she had gone Mart went to Mr. Harlow's office.

He said that Miss Trimble had mislaid the \$20 bill she had received from him, and asked him if he could describe it.

"I only know it was on the Manhattan National Bank," replied the broker. "And that it was a brand new bill."

Mart thanked him and returned to his office where he found Will talking to Miss Fair, who had got back.

Mart sat at his desk and considered in his mind whether Miss Fair had really had the nerve to steal that bill or not.

"She saw Annie put it in the safe, and she was alone for a while in the office. Well, if she took it she's \$20 ahead. I must get another new bill and give it to Annie, telling her that I found it in the safe back of the cash drawer. That will close the incident."

Mart got up, put on his hat and told Will he was going to lunch.

"All right, old man," replied Will. "I'll be here when you get back."

Miss Fair looked up and cast a sweet look at Morton.

Then she opened her handbag and pulled out her scented handkerchief.

Something else came out with it—a brand new \$20 bill, and it fell at Morton's feet.

He picked it up and glanced at it.

It bore the name of the Manhattan National Bank.

"You are careless with your money, Miss Fair," he said, bending a sharp look at her face, which had flushed very red, as he tendered her the money.

She took it and threw it quickly back into her bag, putting her handkerchief on top of it.

"She is the thief," said Mart to himself, "but it will be impossible to prove it. Annie must get rid of her at once."

Then he walked out of the room.

CHAPTER XIV.

MART OUTLINES A CORNER IN LOUISVILLE SOUTHERN.

Will Bradley had no idea how the matter had terminated between Miss Trimble and Mart.

He was about satisfied that she was guilty and he wondered what his companion would do about it.

When Mart left the office he became confidential with Fanny Fair and told her how he and Morton had caught Miss Trimble at the safe when she thought she was alone in the place.

Miss Fair smiled triumphantly, but pretended to be deeply grieved over the unhappy incident.

She took care, however, to fan Will's suspicions into a

flame of indignation against Miss Trimble, and she did it most artfully, for Bradley was like soft putty in her hands.

Miss Fair was rather surprised to note that Miss Trimble, on her return, far from appearing downcast over what had happened, seemed to look particularly happy.

She couldn't understand it, and the fact disturbed her.

But she was not prepared for the unpleasant surprise that awaited her next day, which was Saturday.

Mart had a private talk with Annie before she went home on Friday afternoon, and he had told her a few things that opened her eyes.

"You must get a new assistant at once, Annie," he had said, and she agreed with him.

Consequently when she paid Miss Fair off she told her that she would be obliged to dispense with her services.

"What for?" flashed the handsome blonde. "Are you going to give up here?"

It occurred to her that Morton had told Miss Trimble to go, and she instantly made up her mind to apply for the privilege herself.

"No," replied Annie, coldly. "But I think I can get along without you."

Miss Fair was paralyzed.

"You have lots of work on hand. You can't do it all yourself. You need somebody to help you, and I can do the work as well as anybody."

"We won't argue the matter, Miss Fair."

"I s'pose not," she snapped. "I think I understand the matter. You're jealous of me. You're afraid I'll take Mr. Morton's eye away from you. It's a wonder he'd look at you at all after you were caught stealing——"

"Stop!" cried Annie Trimble, indignantly. "You are going too far."

"Am I?" replied Miss Fair, sarcastically. "You thought I didn't hear all about the matter. Well, I've got my opinion of somebody, so there!"

"And I've got my opinion of you," said Miss Trimble, right from the shoulder. "I suppose you didn't take that \$20 bill that I put in the safe yesterday?"

"Me! Why the idea! How dare you accuse me?" cried the blonde, flushing as red as fire.

"I haven't accused you, though appearances are against you."

"What appearances I'd like to know?"

"The bill that was taken from the cash drawer was a new one on the Manhattan National Bank. A similar bill fell out of your bag yesterday afternoon and was picked up and returned to you by Mr. Morton, who took notice of it. That is all, Miss Fair. I have my suspicions, therefore I prefer not to have you here."

Annie was glad to see her go, and she never saw her again.

The only one who missed her was Will Bradley, and after Mart had told him a few things he felt as foolish as a long-eared donkey who had kicked a hole in a fence and caught his hind legs in it.

After that he had a very different opinion of Annie Trimble, and took the first opportunity to congratulate her on having won his chum's heart.

During the next few months business began to come little by little to Morton's office, until there wasn't any doubt

about his reputation as a smart and trustworthy young broker.

He and Will went into a number of deals that turned out successful, though the profits were small in a way, that is, \$2 and \$3 per share; in the aggregate they raised Mart's capital to \$150,000, and Will's to about \$7,000.

Mart was now pretty well known among the brokers, who had ceased to guy him as the "Baby" of Wall Street, because he had demonstrated that he could hold his own with the best of them.

Some of the younger element were still disposed to sneer at him owing to his steady avoidance of cafes and persistent refusal to indulge in tobacco in any shape.

Their derision, however, did not bother him any, for he had the courage of his convictions, and could not be guyed into breaking any worthy resolution he had established for his own guidance.

One morning about the middle of March Mart walked into Mr. Belford's office.

"Glad to see you, Morton," said the broker, cheerfully. "Take a seat. Can I do anything for you to-day?"

"No, sir, but maybe I can do something for you."

"Well, small favors as well as large ones are thankfully received," replied Mr. Belford. "What is it? An order you've brought me?"

"No, sir. It's a warning."

"A warning! I don't understand you."

"May I ask if you are at present interested in Louisville Southern?"

"Louisville Southern? Why do you ask?"

"Because I overheard Ellis Bird and two other brokers of his stamp talking in the lower corridor of the Empire Building yesterday afternoon about a scheme that has been started to squeeze you in Louisville Southern. Mr. Bird is dead sore on you for something you've done which cut out his anticipated profits on a big deal he and his friends were interested in. Now to get back at you I understand that they've formed a syndicate to do you on L. S. 'Foxy' Bird has managed to bribe your cashier, Austin Rookwood, and has through him learned that you are long on a large number of shares of L. S. purchased on a ten-day option in anticipation of an early rise in the price. They aim to corner the balance of the shares, which would give them control of the market. They mean to sell short first and force the price well down, then they'll buy in the stock to cover their short sales. By that time your option will have expired, and they expect to clean you out."

This was indeed startling news for Mr. Belford, who had invested all his available funds in the Louisville Southern option, and he showed it in his face.

"I am heavily interested in Louisville Southern, and if the price is forced down inside of the next six days I'll be badly crippled," he said, hoarsely. "I cannot doubt the truth of your statement, Morton, because I know you to be thoroughly reliable, and also because the facts you have mentioned are in line with the situation. Has Mr. Rookwood really proved false to me and divulged important business secrets?"

"It seems so, Mr. Belford, for how else could Ellis Bird learn that you had purchased this particular option?" replied Mart.

"It must be so. I will discharge him at once," he cried violently.

"Don't do that yet, sir."

"Why not? If the rascal has sold me out in one instance he will do so in others. He will be able to ruin me."

"Very true, Mr. Belford, but for the present it may be to your advantage to retain him in your office for a few days longer."

"I don't see why."

"Then I will explain. I have been thinking over your probable dilemma and figuring out what I would do if I were in your place. You are now forewarned of the purposes of the enemy. It is up to you to block their game and, if possible, turn the tables on them. You have one advantage that they do not know that you are on to them, and to keep them in the dark it would be wise not to discharge your cashier prematurely."

"True, I can block them by selling the option at the market right away. I'll lose about \$75,000, but that will be the extent of my loss. It's too bad when I expected to clear a quarter of a million by that option."

"How many shares do you control?"

"Thirty thousand."

"And the opening price this morning is 42."

"Exactly."

"The option calls for how much?"

"One million, three hundred and twenty thousand dollars. I have deposited one-tenth of that, or \$132,000, and have guaranteed the interest for ten days on the balance."

"For every point the stock is below 44 six days from now you will lose \$30,000?"

"Yes."

"And it would be out of the question for you to take up the option by paying the remaining nine-tenths of the purchase price of the stock?"

"I couldn't do it. I never intended doing it. I expected to dispose of the option at a considerable profit on the last day, for I had good reason to believe that the price would go above 50 by that time."

"Well, Mr. Belford, do you think that 'Foxy' Bird and his crowd have money enough to secure control of L. S.?"

"I have little doubt of it."

Do you think they'll pick up enough shares to corner the market?"

"I see no reason why they should not, for 200,000 shares of the stock have been issued, of which 95,000 shares have been sold to the public. The balance are held by those on the inside, ensuring them control of the road."

"Deducting the shares you control, Ellis Bird needs to buy the majority of the remaining 65,000 shares in order to temporarily corner the stock?"

Mr. Belford nodded.

"Well, what's the matter with you securing a majority yourself and spoiling Mr. Bird's little game?"

"Impossible. I couldn't raise the funds."

"So I supposed. But that doesn't prevent Mr. Douglas, the Broadway lawyer, with whom I have talked over my plan, and myself from securing enough of the outstanding shares to checkmate Mr. 'Foxy' Bird. Mr. Douglas has agreed to match my \$150,000 with a similar sum. I have a broker who will act for us. We will set him quietly to work to buy in all the shares he can get hold of. As fast

as they are delivered we will hypothecate them at Mr. Douglas's bank for as much as we can get on them, and thus with our \$300,000 capital we expect to secure 50,000 of the 65,000 shares in sight. Mr. Bird will have to sell a great deal more than 15,000 shares short to make any impression on the market. We will have a broker to keep tab on Mr. Bird. As soon as he has sold 15,000 shares our broker will then step in and buy every share above that number he offers. When the time comes for the enemy to cover their short sales they won't be able to get over 15,000 shares of L. S. for love nor money. The three of us will control 80,000 shares, and we can make our own price on the stock. It's my opinion that I see 'Foxy' Bird's finish at last."

Mr. Belford had listened with interested surprise to Mart's program.

When the boy had finished the broker sprang to his feet, seized him by the hand and shook it warmly.

"Morton, you're a genius! If you can carry out your plan as you have outlined it, I shall be saved, you and the lawyer will make a fortune, and the Bird crowd will probably be driven from the Street."

"That's the way I have figured it," said Mart, with a chuckle.

CHAPTER XV.

CONCLUSION.

Mart gave Will a \$7,000 interest in his own \$150,000 share of the contemplated transaction so that he might participate in the expected profits.

The broker, Morton, as leader of the deal, began operations without delay and as fast as the shares were bought they were deposited with the Manhattan National Bank as security for additional funds.

"If this thing goes through without a hitch that gold medal I once spoke about ought to be presented to you, Mart," said Will, "for 'Foxy' Bird won't be left with a foot to stand upon."

"Do you think the brokers will hold a holiday over the squelching of Mr. Bird?" laughed Mart.

"They ought to. It will be the greatest treat the Street has ever had. The very idea of the 'Baby' of Wall Street, as you are called, doing up such a cute trader as Mr. Ellis Bird, will furnish a month's entertainment for the boys. I'll bet the magazine section of the Sunday papers will give you a double page, fully illustrated. You'll accumulate a reputation that will give your business such a boom that you'll have to hire a fine suite of offices and employ a cashier and a force of clerks to handle the trade. I tell you, Mart, this will be the greatest thing that ever happened to you or any other budding trader."

Mart held no further personal interviews with Broker Belford, lest Cashier Rookwood might become suspicious of their meaning and tip Mr. Bird off.

Mr. Belford himself continued to consult his faithless employee with reference to his option deal in Louisville Southern, giving him to understand that he was confident that he'd make a good deal of money out of it.

The Bird crowd had already started in to sell short thousands of shares of the stock which they did not own, but which they fully expected to be able to buy in in a day or two at greatly reduced price.

By their efforts the stock did fall a few points and this brought Morton and the lawyer face to face with their only real difficulty—the bank requested additional security for the depreciation in the value of the shares they were holding.

Mr. Douglas, however, had expected this and provided for it by advancing the funds out of his large private fortune.

The slight slump also promised to add largely to the ultimate profits of the Morton-Douglas Syndicate, as Mart called it, for their broker got the largest part of their purchases at 40, 39 and 38.

The Bird crowd could not force Louisville Southern below 37½, and at that figure they proceeded to cover.

They had sold 40,000 shares and now several brokers in their interest scurried about to pick up that number of shares.

But they met with the surprise of their lives.

They had located over 40,000 shares before they began the deal, and expected to have no trouble in getting them when they were ready.

Now they discovered that somebody else had bought up most of these shares, and it was with the utmost difficulty that they got hold of 15,000.

"Foxy" Bird and his friends were aghast.

They had supposed the transaction had been conducted so secretly that not even Mr. Belford was suspected of knowing anything about such a thing.

A meeting was hastily called at the office of Mr. Bird to consider the situation, which looked extremely serious.

They had dug a pit for the financial undoing of Broker Belford, and the pit now threatened to cave in and bury themselves in the ruin.

Some other interests appeared to have been at work simultaneously with themselves.

The question was how were they going to extricate themselves from a bad predicament?

They were pledged to deliver 40,000 shares of Louisville Southern in order to complete their contracts, and they only had 15,000 shares.

It looked as if somebody had cornered the stock.

In that case they would have to settle at whatever price the person who held the balance of the shares chose to ask for them.

"There is only one thing that will save us," said Mr. Bird. "We must call off our scheme against Broker Belford and get an outside broker to go to him and buy the option he holds on those 30,000 shares. The market price to-day is 38, and at that figure he stands to lose over \$180,000 to-morrow at three o'clock, when the option expires. We can bid 40, which will save him \$60,000. He will be likely to take us up as apparently it will be greatly to his interest to do so."

"That's what we will do, Mr. Bird," said one of those present, all of whom were in a kind of cold sweat over the situation. "But supposing he refuses to sell at 40. He may suspect our object in buying so large a number of shares at an advance of two points above the market, and may hold out on the chance of the stock recovering in time to save his bacon."

"Why, in that case we'll have to bid higher. We sim-

ply must have those shares, even if we let Belford out of his hole at a profit," replied Mr. Bird.

So Mr. Bird was authorized to use his own judgment in trying to rescue the syndicate from the consequences of their own scheme.

More money was called for and chipped in to enable Ellis Bird to buy the shares.

Mart Morton, in the meanwhile, had calculated on just such a move on the part of the Bird crowd as soon as they discovered the stock they wanted had been cornered.

Accordingly, he warned Mr. Belford not to sell his option at any price, as everything depended on the inability of the opposition to meet their engagements.

So when a broker called on Mr. Belford and offered to relieve him of his option at two points above the market, he refused to sell.

In accordance with an arrangement between him and Mart, he notified the boy that a broker was in his office bidding for the option.

Mart immediately instructed his broker at the Exchange to begin bidding up the price of the stock.

This was a safe thing to do, as the Morton-Douglas Syndicate held about every share of stock outside of the 30,000 anchored by the Belford option and the 15,000 held by the Bird faction, which of course was not for sale.

Practically, Mart's broker was at liberty to offer any figure without fear of any coming to light.

These quotations were naturally rising ones, and they attracted attention and caused considerable excitement on the floor, where the stock was now generally admitted to have been cornered.

Bird's broker in Mr. Belford's office found himself up against these quotations and he had to meet them and go better.

The Bird faction soon saw how the market was going in Louisville Southern and each and every one began to see his finish.

As Mr. Belford would not sell, and the figures on the tape justified his action, the broker had to report non-success to Ellis Bird.

The stock closed at 50 that day, and the Bird crowd threw up their hands.

They were beaten to a standstill and their only recourse now was to make the best terms they could with the brokers who had purchased the stock of them.

Here another surprise awaited Mr. Bird.

He was referred to Mart Morton, the "Baby" Broker of the Street, as Mr. Bird himself had often slightly aluded to him.

It was a bitter pill, but he had to go to Mart, and the boy was expecting him.

"I understand that you hold the situation on Louisville Southern?" said "Foxy" Bird, as soon as he was seated in the little office.

"I do," replied Mart. "Have you come to settle with me? I hold your obligations to the amount of 40,000. Are you prepared to deliver the stock?"

"You know well that I can't deliver over 15,000 shares. What will you let me out on the remaining 25,000 for?"

"Seventy-five."

Mr. Bird jumped to his feet with a bad word.

"There is a lady present, Mr. Bird," said Mart, suavely. "Do you want to ruin me and my friends?" roared Mr. Bird.

"What would you do if the situation was reversed, Mr. Bird?" asked Mart, coldly. "You've done the boys up pretty often yourself. Now you've got to take a dose of your own medicine."

"I can't settle at 75. I'll have to notify the Exchange that I'm unable to meet my engagements."

"What can you settle for?"

"Fifty-five."

"Sorry, but I can't accept. I'll let you off for sixty-five."

"You're an infernal young monkey!" roared Broker Bird.

"Thanks, Mr. Bird. You've called me the Wall Street 'Baby.' Well, the 'Baby' is a pretty healthy one, don't you think? You've got till three o'clock to see me at 65. If you don't settle you know what will happen."

At three o'clock the Bird Syndicate settled at 65.

Mr. Bird turned in the 15,000 shares of Louisville Southern and his certified check for \$625,000.

Mart sold the stock at 50, which gave him and Mr. Douglas \$150,000 more profit.

Their entire profit on the corner amounted to three-quarters of a million.

Mr. Belford also sold his option at 50, clearing \$120,000.

And the next day Austin Rookwood found himself out of a reputation and a job as well, and he got out of the Street forever.

Of course the news of "Foxy" Bird's doing up by Mart Morton soon got around Wall Street, and Mart held a triumphant levee at his little office.

He was the talk of the financial district, and the Sunday papers gave him two pages, as Will said they would.

Naturally that advertisement boomed his business and he had to get larger and finer quarters right away.

Annie Trimble became his private stenographer until the day was finally set for their marriage, a year later.

Mart is now worth a couple of millions, and Will Bradley is also well off.

We may conclude by saying that there isn't a bank in Wall Street but would be more than willing to act as repository for MART MORTON'S MONEY.

THE END.

Read "FAMOUS AT FOURTEEN; OR, THE BOY WHO MADE A GREAT NAME," which will be the next number (105) of "Fame and Fortune Weekly."

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Fame and Fortune Weekly

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 27, 1907.

Terms to Subscribers.

Single Copies.....	.05 Cents
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GOOD STORIES.

Reversing the old proverbial order of things, the modern world has a tendency to be more generous to its living prophets than to its dead ones. Few, however, will deny that Signor Marconi has some claims on the future, and it is agreeable to find that his inventions are as highly appreciated in his native country as in that to which material considerations have driven him for their development. It appears that the inventor of wireless telegraphy was born at Bologna, and the admiring city fathers have already taken time well by the forelock in marking out the house to future generations by a commemorative tablet, which runs as follows: "Here was born William Marconi, who by means of electric waves first launched human language on space from one hemisphere to the other without the use of wires, to the benefit of humanity and the glory of the Fatherland."

The port of Barranquilla, Colombia, has a population of 50,000, is seventeen miles up the Magdalena river from the Atlantic coast, and owes its importance especially to being the terminus of navigation of the Magdalena, the great commercial artery of Colombia, a river which is navigable for over 600 miles, and carrying on its waters the bulk of the trade of the country. Five river companies have headquarters in Barranquilla, and they operate thirty-six steamboats and forty-three barges, with a total tonnage of 10,689 tons. Steamboats leave port for the interior practically every day. The trip to Bogota, the capital, takes between ten and twenty days, according to the condition of the river and weather. The return trip is made in between six and ten days.

Within the past decade a new profession has come into being, offspring, like many other new professions in this day and generation, of conditions quite novel and unprecedented in the history of civilization. This new calling is that of the illuminating engineer. Up to the time when giant office buildings, huge apartment-houses and the universal use of gas and electricity for lighting purposes became facts to be reckoned with, says Gas Logic, there would have been absolutely no place for the illuminating engineer. So long as the average man illuminating his house and his office by means of lamps, placed where they best suited his convenience, had daylight for most of his business and cared but little for the artistic effect of his surroundings, a man in his profession would have been reduced to absolute starvation—and this is not a figure of speech; he would have had no income whatever. But with the advent of the office building, the steel frame and the elevator, and the consequent immense increase in the value of space, the economy of light became a problem requiring the nicest judgment and the most thorough knowledge. The increased pace of business also made night work more common than it used to be, and people began to realize

that unless they had good light for their work there would be large oculists' bills to pay, and more or less unsatisfactory work as well. In short, the question of the economy of light became, figuratively as well as literally, a burning question.

The farmers of Kansas say there are more wolves in the country this season than there have been before for years, and it is no uncommon occurrence to run across a family of half a dozen young coyotes while on a drive through the pasture country. Just now they are certainly making times prosperous for some of the farmers. The other day one man brought in nineteen wolf scalps, and another, who had dug out four dens of young ones, brought twenty-four scalps, which they turned in to the County Clerk's Office for \$1 apiece bounty money.

Three-wheeled motor vehicles have a number of advantages, but it has been found very difficult to introduce them, mainly because of the radical departure in the appearance, which suggests an old-fashioned baby coach or a wheelbarrow more than anything else. A very determined effort was made to popularize this style of automobile in this country some time ago, and later, with more success, in England. A fire apparatus built on these lines has recently been put into service as part of the fire department of Nuremburg, Germany, and is said to be a great success. It is a steam pump, and the same source of power is used in propelling the engine and driving the pump.

JOKES AND JESTS.

Wabash—How long did it take you to do that picture? French artist (proudly)—I am on edge upon eet for seex months! Wabash—Just as I thought. You're dead slow over here. Why, I've saw fellers in Chicago turnin' them things out while ye wait!

Mrs. Newed—I would like a pound of your best cheese. Grocer—Yes, ma'am. Mrs. Newed (examining it)—Why, this cheese is full of holes! Grocer—Yes, ma'am. That's the way it comes. Mrs. Newed—Well, I don't want any of it. I'm not going to pay for a pound of cheese that contains a half pound of holes.

"Bridget, what did you say to Miss Smith when she called?" "I told her you were out this toime for sure, ma'am."

Nell—Maude has suddenly discovered that she needs exercise, so she goes out for a walk every day. Belle—Yes, I heard that she had a lot of new clothes.

Husband (in an aside to his wife)—If you can't think of some more anecdotes of our children's smartness, let's go home right away, for they're getting ready to tell us things about their own.

Jenny—Here comes Jack 'auntie, I wish you would come down and stay in the room. Auntie—Why? Jenny—I'm afraid he's going to propose and I can't trust myself—he looks so poor and handsome.

Adsum—What class of literature are you reading, my son? His Son—'Bout a man and woman that got married and were happy ever after. Adsum—Ah, fiction!

Her Mamma—You certainly were flirting outrageously with that young man on the bench. Don't you know you're a married woman, and— Mrs. Gay—Yes, but he didn't.

"Man proposes and woman disposes," remarked the young man who gets quotations twisted. "Well," replied the beautiful blonde on the other end of the sofa, "I'm disposed to do my part if some man will do his." Three minutes later she had him landed.

TONY

OR,

THE LUCK OF A WANDERER

By Paul Braddon.

"Hey! Hi! Hello there! Get off that grass!"
 "I beg your pardon, sir; I didn't see any path, so I just came across the lawn."
 "Get out! Get out! No boys allowed in here."
 "But I want to see—"
 "Get out, I say! Do you want me to set the dogs on you? Get out!"

"But I want—"
 "Hey, John! Unchain Tiger! Let Bruno loose! There's a tramp here who won't get out!"

Tony waited to hear nothing further after that, but went scampering over Colonel Ricketts' smoothly shaven lawn as fast as his bare feet could carry him.

He did not stop to look behind him either, when he heard the dogs' deep baying, but leaped the fence on the other side of the road, ran down the steep bank, and, crossing the railroad tracks, descended the rocks and found himself all out of breath on the shores of the majestic Hudson, where at length he paused.

"Crusty old curmudgeon!" he muttered. "He might at least have answered my questions and told me where Colonel Ricketts lived. Why in thunder don't he have a fence, if he wants people to keep off his infernal grass?"

Whereupon Tony Walton, who had been called a tramp—and not for the first time, either—sat down upon the rocks and watched the river roll by him, watched the rays of the rising sun flashing upon the rocky wall of the Palisades, which stretched as far as the eye could reach along the opposite bank. Watched a big steamboat plowing her way toward New York; watched this and watched that, and wondered whether he would ever be anything else but a tramp, and whether it would not have been better if he had stayed in Coon's Hollow, where he was born, rather than to come to Gracewood-on-the-Hudson, to be insulted and have dogs set after him like this.

And yet no one could blame the portly old master of the elegant mansion on the hill above him.

Tony not only looked like a tramp, but he was a tramp. He had walked all the way from Coon's Hollow.

His pants were torn to tatters, his coat, hat, shoes and stockings were gone entirely, and as for his shirt the least said about it the better; for, in plain English, it was very dirty. Yes, Tony certainly was a tramp.

Now, up at the big house they had been bothered by tramps for several years.

They stole the fruit, they trod down the shrubbery. Once they poisoned a big St. Bernard dog which cost \$40. Twice they had fired the barn, and they would most assuredly have broken into the house long ago if a constant watch had not been kept.

Thus it happened that Tony was driven off even before he could make his errand known, for a man on the road had told him to go up to the big house and inquire if he wanted to find out where Colonel Ricketts lived.

Tony acted upon the suggestion, and this was the result.

"Confound it all! I don't know what I shall ever do," thought the boy. "Here I am at Gracewood at last, and so used up that I can't take another step. Every one I inquire of calls me a tramp and tells me to 'git.' I'm awful hungry, too. If I could only find Colonel Ricketts and give him the letter he might at least give me something to eat."

He had no ambition to make another attempt just then. He was too utterly worn out for anything but just what he did do, which was to crawl in under a big shelving rock, stretch himself out upon the sand and go fast asleep.

The sun rose higher and higher; trains thundered by, the tide rose and fell again, coming within a few inches of Tony's feet at its highest, and still the boy slept on and never woke until some time in the afternoon, when he was suddenly

aroused by hearing a hoarse laugh, which sounded almost in his ears.

Tony straightened up and was about to crawl out from his concealment when voices and what they said attracted his attention.

"It's old Ricketts' daughter, Colonel Ricketts!" said one voice. "The man what loves tramps like the Old Boy does holy water. There's a big piece gone out of my thigh now, what one of his blamed dogs chawed out, an' he sent my pal to jail for two months. What I'm after is revenge!"

"Haw! haw! haw!" came the laugh again. "That's pretty good! So you want me to help you get revenge an' run the risk of getting sent up like yer pal? No, I thank you! Who's to pay me for this job of yours?"

"You fool!" hissed the other voice. "Can't you see through a brick when there's a hole into it? Duffy, the groom, is in wid me on dis. To-night, when de excitement is at de highest, he'll open de side door an' let us in. Dere's a sideboard as big as a young house covered wid all solid stuff—no plated ware among it. We'll crack de crib an' skip to York. Now, do you ketch on?"

"Well, I should smile! Schneider, what's your scheme?"
 "Simple as rollin' off a log. You remember that there rendrock cartridge what you prigged from the blasters?"

"Well, rather! I've got ther blame thing in me pocket now, an' am expectin' every minute to be blown to Kingdom Come!"

"Holy gee, man! yer don't mean ter say yer carry dynamite in yer pocket?"

There was a scrambling on the rocks over Tony's head.
 "Don't you fret. My mind's onto it. I know what I'm er-bout."

"S'pose you'd happen to set on to it?"
 "Never you mind. Go on wid yer story."

"Well, all ther is to it Duffy's given me ther steer. The Ricketts gal goes ridin' horseback every arternoon an' Duffy he goes along as groom wid a big dicer an' livery togs. All you've gotter do is to bang off that cartridge down by ther old slate quarries where the road is cut away. Dat's what'll give ther horse a scare, an' he'll be sure to take the wrong road an' pitch ther gal inter ther quarries, see?"

"What! kill her?"
 "Of course! She's no better dan we be. Dat's my revenge. When dey gets her home, think of the row it'll kick up! Dat's de time Duffy'll open the side door. Ketch on?"

"You bet! It's a go if it's halves on the swag."
 "Course it's halves! I'm a honorable man, I want you to understand!"

"When's de picnic come off?"
 "Right away. Dey're startin' jes' about now. Dere's jes' time for us to git in posish."

"Can you depend on Duffy?"
 "You bet. I could hang Duffy if I chose to talk."
 "Good enough! Let's go to work."

Now came another scrambling on the rocks above Tony the tramp, and the two scoundrels could be heard climbing the bank. Heard and seen too, for Tony was peering out at them as they went.

"Merciful heavens! What shall I do?" thought the boy. "If I look for a policeman I'll never find one, and if I do I'll only get arrested. I can't find Colonel Ricketts, and if I did, like as not he'd set the dogs on me before I could speak a word. There's only one way for it. If I am going to save that poor girl's life, I must do it myself!"

Few boys of his age possessed a more determined will than Tony the tramp.

"Can you tell me the way to the old slate quarries, mister?"
 "Eh?"

The old farmer, rattling along the Gracewood road in his rickety buggy, put his hand to his ear.

"The old slate quarries! Can you tell me the way to get to them?" roared Tony.

"Oh!"
 "Do you know?"

"You're right thar, neow. Turn off into the woods—just turn to ther left, foller on to ther clearin' where ther road

splits into two branches. Keep on till yer come to ther guide-post—then there yer are!”

Tony the tramp bounded away.

There was no time to be lost, if he meant to warn Colonel Ricketts' daughter of the threatening danger.

Time had been lost finding the way to the old slate quarry.

A storm was approaching; the thunder growled and rumbled, and the lightning came in fitful flashes, as Tony hurried through the woods.

“Will I be in time? Will I be in time?” was all he could think of.

At last he emerged into the clearing, where the road divided, and there was the guide-board just beyond.

Just then the thunder rolled again, and the darkened sky was illuminated by a blinding flash.

Were the two tramps lurking near, awaiting their victim?

Tony felt sure of it.

It was all-important to get to a point where he could warn Miss Ricketts before she passed their hiding-place, but Tony saw at a glance the difficulty about that.

He did not know which way the girl was coming.

Here was the one screw loose in his whole plan.

Tony stood looking round in perplexity.

Now came another thunder-clap, then the sound of horse's hoofs.

Looking back upon the left-hand road, Tony caught sight of a young girl, dressed in a stylish riding-habit, mounted upon a spirited chestnut horse, and followed at some distance by a liveried groom.

“There she comes! Oh! there she comes!” exclaimed Tony. “How shall I ever make her listen to a ragamuffin like me?”

Scarcely had the thought crossed him when—

Boom!

A fearful explosion rent the air. The very ground seemed to tremble. The thunder was not to be compared with that deafening report.

Instantly the horse ridden by Miss Ricketts took fright and came dashing madly forward, choosing the right-hand road—the one that Tony was on.

“Whoa, Selim! Whoa, sir!” Tony could hear the girl calling as she struggled to calm the frightened beast.

But Selim had taken the bit in his teeth and was dashing on madly.

The man Duffy now began shouting, which only confused the girl, and increased the danger all around.

“Heavens! She'll be killed, whether this is the broken road or not!” thought Tony.

The horse was dashing madly toward him. Tony stepped out into the road, gave his tattered trousers a hitch and made ready for a spring.

“Help! Stop him! Oh, please stop! This road leads to the old slate quarry! I shall be dashed to pieces!” screamed the girl, whose face had turned deathly white.

Tony flung himself upon the frightened animal and seized the bridle.

“Jump, Miss! Jump and save yourself!” he called. “Jump while I hold him in!”

Was it good advice?

Just then a flash of lightning came, and the girl's hat flew off.

“Don't do it, Miss Minnie! Don't jump! The slate quarry's on the other road!” shouted the groom.

“He lies! There's a plot to kill you!” roared Tony, who could no more stop the horse than a fly, and was being dragged along.

But Minnie Ricketts knew the road too well to be deceived. “Let go, boy! Let go!” she cried, as she leaped from Selim's back.

Too late came the warning. Poor Tony saw the precipice right ahead, with the old slate quarry yawning beneath, and yet he could not let go! Too late! Ay, twice too late!

With a wild snort, the maddened horse took the fatal plunge with Tony dangling to the bridle.

“Sure he's only a tramp!” said Duffy, when Minnie Ricketts' friend, Captain Loker, who most providentially happened to arrive on the scene by the other road a moment later, pulled

Tony from under Selim's bruised and mangled body. “Sure he's only a tramp, an' what's the odds?”

But Minnie, with blazing eyes, turned upon him.

“Tramp or no tramp, the boy saved my life!” she cried. “Captain Loker, I ask you to have him taken to my father's house.”

“It shall be done!” replied Captain Loker, sternly.

But Tony knew nothing of all this.

The poor boy had just time to whisper the details of the plot to Captain Loker when he swooned away, and after that Tony, the tramp, knew no more until—

But stay!

To attempt to describe the sensations of Tony when he opened his eyes would be quite beyond the powers of our pen.

He was lying upon a downy bed, surrounded by elegance, such as he had never known.

Bending over him was a grave-looking man—the doctor. Minnie Ricketts stood at the bedside weeping, while on the other side was the tall, portly gentleman who had driven Tony off the lawn.

The poor boy started to rise, almost frightened.

“What is it? I—I didn't mean to intrude here!” he gasped.

“Lie down, my boy,” said the doctor, gently pushing him back.

The portly gentleman bent over him and warmly grasped his hand.

“Young man, do you know what you have done?” he asked, huskily. “Do you know?”

“I tried to do my best, sir. I—I didn't know it was going to bring me to your house, or—”

“Stop! stop! You have saved my daughter's life! You have saved me from being robbed! You are a noble fellow to do this after I set my dogs on you to drive you away from your own house.”

“From my own house?” gasped Tony in amazement.

“Exactly. You are Tony Walton, son of my sister, Susan, who has been missing for years. The letter found in your pocket told me all about it, and as Duffy has been arrested, and the two tramps, his friends, are also lodged in jail, there is nothing for you to do but to stay here and let us nurse you till your broken leg is all right, and you are ready to take possession of your estate.”

Thus said Colonel Ricketts; but there was no answer from Tony, who was entirely unable to understand what it all meant.

When his mother died suddenly, at Coon's Hollow, Pennsylvania, a letter was found among her effects, telling Tony to take another letter which was enclosed and go to Colonel Ricketts, of Gracewood, New York, and present it to him.

Now, we are not going to say why Mrs. Walton left her identity and place of residence concealed from her brother. It is not necessary.

There are family skeletons hidden away in every one's closet.

Let the doors be kept shut.

Enough for us to state that Tony's grandfather had died, leaving his daughter, or her heirs, \$100,000, in case anything was ever heard of her. Tony was the heir.

Tony got the \$100,000 in due season.

Fortunately for him, his uncle, though rough-spoken, was an honest man.

Such was the luck of Tony, the tramp, and when, a year or two later, this same Tony, no longer a tramp but a most decidedly “toney” young fellow, asked his cousin Minnie a certain question, which had direct reference to housekeeping in the future, the girl simply let her head fall upon his shoulder, and murmured:

“What can I say, Tony, when I owe my life to you?”

“Well, I know what you ought to say,” answered Tony.

There was no answer.

“I know what you ought to do, Minnie.”

Still no answer.

“You ought to pay the debt as soon as possible,” persisted Tony.

Tony, the tramp, and pretty Minnie Ricketts were married just one year to a day after that.

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